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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A great man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state."

POPE.

"Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
Abhorr'd bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scathe,
Bitter despite with rancor's rusty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of life."

SPENSER.

WHEN the new order of things began to extend into Breffny, and the clansmen were more or less imbued with the fierce spirit of revenge and coming southward on every breeze from the north country; when every tongue was busy with the horrors of the Antrim massacre, and many a stout Breffny-man was heard to mutter a stern regret for past clemency thrown away, it was then that Philip O'Reilly was called upon for the display of those high qualities which have since won the admiration of all. Like his friend O'Rourke, he knew how to battle for the right without staining his soul with murder or degrading the noble profession of arms by unnecessary cruelty. O'Reilly and O'Rourke, generous, noble and warm-hearted, were neither of them insensible to the wrongs and outrages committed on their people—they felt, as brave men could not but feel, their hearts swell with indignation and disgust at the atrocious massacre which had stirred up Catholic Ulster from end to end, and they, too, panted for revenge, but their revenge took a higher range with more solid advantages in view. Little gratification would it be to either of these Breffny chieftains to see Protestant blood shed in torrents, or to know that every foreigner in the land was put to cruel torture; these things were foreign to their nature, and they never could delight in human suffering, but to crush the power of the stranger, to smite the oppressor with our noble warfare, and raise the old tribes everywhere to that position which they ought to hold in their own land—finally, to re-establish the true faith in all its pristine glory, and to humble the haughty crest of heresy even to the dust—such was the revenge for which O'Rourke and O Reilly thirsted, such were the ends which they had in view in raising their respective standards.

During the stormy days, and weeks, and months which followed the massacre of Island Magee, the clans of Breffny O'Reilly were not idle any more than their neighbors of Uriel and Breffny O'Rourke. They had their musters, and marches and countermarches amid the swelling hills and pastoral knolls of their ancient principality. The several chieftains who looked up to O'Reilly as their head had all more or less contributed to the general success of the northern army, and each, in his own district, dispossessed the English planters in a summary manner of the castles with which they had studded the country. The Protestant inhabitants, necessarily regarded as adherents of the government, and, therefore, not to be tolerated,—were ejected with very little ceremony, and sent to seek winter-quarters elsewhere. In some places, where an obstinate resistance was made, and the native forces suffered, the power of the chief was not able to withhold his people from taking revenge in their own hands, although even then the executions were confined to the most prominent and rabid of the enemy.

There was one house, however, in O'Rielly's country—one Protestant dwelling which no hostile force ever attacked, no random shot ever reached. It was an old-fashioned glebe-house, of plain yet respectable exterior, surrounded by pleasant woods and fertile, well-tilled fields. Here the Anglican bishop of Kilmore had dwelt in peace for many a year; a man of peace he was, a venerable man, devoted to study and the care of his flock, meddling not with his Catholic neighbors, in their spiritual affairs, but serving them when occasion required, to the utmost of his ability. A good man of quiet, unostentatious habits, kind and benevolent to all, was Bishop Beddell, of Kilmore, the same whom our readers will remember as so favorably mentioned by the Countess of Ormond, when pleading the cause of the proscribed Catholics with her husband. Respecting the religious convictions of others, this exemplary man was himself respected in times when religious rancor was at the highest, and his house was a sanctuary never violated by the generous and grateful clansmen of Breffny. By it they marched at all hours of the night and day with banners flying, and weapons gleaming, often in all the flush of victory, and again, smarting under some recent provocation, yet never was their anger directed against the house of Bishop Beddell, although it was well known that many Protestants driven from other parts of the country were sheltered within its walls. Had the Anglican prelate been other than he was, and more like to his brothers of the established episcopate, his snug glebe-house would have passed into other hands as his cathedral and parish churches had done before, but, as it was, he lived there in peace, with his friends and his numerous household, protected by the noble-hearted O'Reilly and other influential Catholics of the country.

On a certain day when the good Bishop had the numerous occupants of his house assembled in his best parlor for some religious exercise, word was brought him that the Catholic bishop had come to visit him, and was then waiting in an adjoining apartment. This announcement was heard with dismay by the little congregation who naturally feared that it boded no good to them. Bishop Beddell, however, calmed their fears and assured them that Dr. McSweeny was not the man to take advantage of their misfortunes or betray them to the Philistines of the northern country.

"Howsoever," said the good Doctor, "I will go and see what the gentleman's business may be with me, and when I have had speech of him I will straightway return hither. Meanwhile, rest ye here in peace, supplicating the Lord on behalf of his poor dispersed flock, that he keep them from the hands of Sir Phelim O'Neill and such like men of blood."

The meeting between the two bishops was characteristic of the times. In Dr. McSweeny, a tall dignified man of middle age, the polished bearing of the foreign ecclesiastic, the graduate of Royal Salamanca, was blended with the somewhat patronizing air of a man suddenly raised from an outlawed and hidden life to one of triumph and jubilation,—from a position of constant dependence to one of absolute command and all but unlimited power.

In the bent form of the old Protestant bishop, and on his mild but wrinkled brow, there was deep sorrow, but nothing of deference or deprecation. On the contrary there was in his aged eyes when he raised them to the face of his visitor a look of something like reproach which the other was at no loss to understand, although quite conscious that he did not deserve it at Bishop Beddell's hands.

The two had met but once before, and the memory of that long-past meeting was fresh in the mind of each, giving, it might be, a sort of constraint to the demeanor of both.

"Times are changed with us, Dr. Beddell, since last we met," observed the Catholic bishop after they had exchanged a somewhat distant salute.

"Fear not that I forget the change," the other replied with more warmth than he commonly displayed, "the Lord hath humbled us, we trust for our good!—will it please you to sit?"

"My time is short," the Bishop replied, "for, in these unhappy days, my avocations are many and arduous."

"Unhappy days!" repeated Beddell with some sternness, "and whose be the fault, Owen McSweeny?"

"I came not hither to dispute a question which the sword must decide and the might of armies," said the Bishop coldly,—"Dr. Beddell, I respect you beyond all men of you persuasion—you once served me, too, in a matter of great moment, which I wish not to forget—our people are moved to wrath at the present time by the recent bloody act of Monroe's soldiers at Island Magee—so that even these kindly men of Breffny, who have hitherto respected your name and character, may in some moment of frenzied irritation forget all else but your connection with that establishment which truly they have no reason to love—nay, hear me out, Doctor! Even O'Reilly's power may not always be able to protect you—that is, when other portions of our army come to pass this way—*mine* will never fail with Catholic soldiers—would you that I send a small party hither who, wearing my cognizance and colors, may secure you against all attacks from our troops?"

"I pray you, good brother, excuse my compliance," said Beddell hastily; "I fear me much that the presence of your armed followers would do more harm than good in my quiet household. And, moreover, if the rebel hordes—excuse me—if the army of Sir Phelim unhappily comes this way, our chance of life or escape were small, indeed, even under favor of your reverence's cognizance and colors, which I pray you to believe I hold in all respect."

The grave caustic irony of these last words was keenly felt by Bishop McSweeny, who, conscious of his own good intentions, could not help being somewhat nettled. Taking his hat to depart, he coolly observed:

"My reverence's cognizance may serve you yet, Master Beddell, for all you seem to set so slight store on my poor ability to befriend you. It may be that Philip O'Reilly, on whose protection you now depend, may one day fail you—should that ever come to pass, you will find a friend in the Bishop of Kilmore."

"Nay, nay, good sir," cried the old man, following his visitor to the door, "if you mean yourself, assuredly the Bishop of Kilmore stands not in your shoes—the Cathedral maketh not the Bishop, Owen—I pray you, remember that!"

"I remember, John, I remember," said the Bishop looking back over his shoulder with a humorous expression of countenance, "I stand beholden to you for that new lesson in theology. But, man, King Charles himself cannot make a Bishop here now, and as for Cathedrals, there be no man in all Ireland more expert at making them than the O'Reilly, Heaven bless him!—except it be Sir Phelim O'Neill, who has, I hear, turned stone mason of late for the building of such like fabrics!"

Ay! they may laugh and jest that win," cried Bishop Beddell, still more excited, and raising his cracked voice to the utmost; "but forget not that I am and will be Bishop of Kilmore, while God spares me life!—of that title no man can rob me, Dr. McSweeny, for it came to me from God himself!"

"From his late Majesty King James you mean—howsoever, Dr. Beddell, keep your temper an' you may not keep your title—my humble service to you!"

"But you will bear me witness," shouted the excited old man, "that I gave not in to your unlawful assumption of my dignity!"

"I pray you, shelter yourself from the cold!" was the Bishop's good-humored answer as he mounted the horse which one of his attendants held for him at a little distance down the avenue, and, waving his parting salute, he rode away at a brisk trot, wilfully closing his ears to the vehement protestations of the superseded dignitary of King Charles's church.

But, alas! while the good Bishop of Kilmore and the chivalrous chieftains of Breffny were thus shielding from harm the venerable man who, in his better days, had shown himself the friend of the persecuted Catholics, far different scenes were being enacted in various parts of the same province, where the lurid flame of civil war burned more fiercely and made greater havoc.

Far amongst the wild mountains of Tyrone, where one of the rude castles of the O'Neills stood in its strength defending an important pass, one of the saddest episodes of that sad drama had lately taken place. When Charlemont Castle was taken by Sir Phelim O'Neill it was by a clever stratagem, and well disposed towards the veteran soldier, who was at once its owner and the commander of its garrison, strictly forbade his followers to harm him or his, and, after some deliberation, (during which he had been removed more than once for greater security from one stronghold to another,) finally resolved on sending him to the mountain-fortalice above referred to until such time as he might turn his capture to account by obtaining other prisoners in exchange for him. Thither, then, Lord Caulfield was conveyed, with his family, in the early part of November, escorted by a party of O'Neill's men. Lady Caulfield and her children were safely lodged in the Castle, her husband was already on the threshold when, unluckily for himself, he made some imprudent remark concerning Sir Phelim O'Neill, little complimentary to that chieftain's honor or good faith. He was passing between some six or eight of O'Neill's clansmen at the moment, and their hot blood could ill brook words derogatory to their chief.

"Say that again," cried one of them, "and you pass not that threshold with your life!"

Caulfield, unawed by this threat, repeated what he had said, and with increased bitterness—another moment and six skenes were in his body: he fell across the threshold a lifeless corpse, the victim, surely of his own imprudence, rather than of premeditated treachery on the part of his captors. The cry of terror and dismay which arose from their comrades was not needed to alarm the culprits, who had hardly done the deed when they would have given worlds to recall it. They knew that their chieftain's wrath was terrible and that he would exact a rigorous account of the blood they had just shed.

When Sir Phelim heard of what had happened, he acted with a coolness little to be expected from his fiery nature. He neither blustered nor stormed as was his wont when laboring under great excitement, but he ordered the offenders to be brought before him, and waited their appearance with a calmness more terrible to those around who knew him well, than the most violent manifestation of anger.

Some minutes elapsed without the offenders making their appearance, and Sir Phelim began to wax impatient, especially as, from certain significant looks and gestures passing rapidly amongst his officers, he concluded that the delay was not accidentally. Pacing to and fro in front of his tent, he repeated his command in a louder and more threatening tone—still no prisoners appeared, and the angry chief was about to proceed on a quest that would likely have proved fatal to those concerned, when a stir was noticed in another direction, and round a projecting angle of a wall rode up to the general's tent a young gentleman of grave and sedate aspect, with an elderly lady in a cloak and riding-hood, mounted on a pillion behind him. They were followed by a couple of serving-men whose composed demeanor, round ruddy faces, and smooth, well-combed locks pointed them out as of Saxon rather than Gaelic origin. It was English, too, that the party spoke, when they came to exchange salutations with those of the camp.

Sir Phelim advanced hastily to assist the lady from her elevated seat, though his greeting manifested anything but pleasure.

"In God's name, mother, what wind blew you hitherward—surely this be no place for hoods or kirtles!"

"I know it, Phelim, and I come not from choice, believe my word, but pressed by sore trouble and anxiety on your account I pressed Alexander to conduct me hither that I might hear from your own lips the truth which will either give me rest or a heavier load of sorrow to bear for evermore."

"Why, what in the d——'s name is she driving at, Alick?" cried Sir Phelim with ill-concealed discontent as he turned to the gentleman, who was no other than his half-brother, by a second marriage. "What *does* it all mean?"

Alexander Hovenden only smiled and said: "she will tell you that full quickly!"

"I came hither, Phelim," said the aged matron, dropping her voice so as to reach only her son's ear, "to know from yourself in person whether you be chargeable with the death of that good man, Lord Caulfield, as people say you are—tell me, my son! what am I to believe concerning this foul deed, for since I heard of it, I cannot eat, or drink, or sleep!"

"Mother," said Sir Phelim O'Neill, and opening his large eyes wide he fixed them full on those of his parent, "mother, as I hope to be saved, I do solemnly assure you that I knew not of this murder—for murder I do call it—until it was too late to do aught but punish the guilty—which that I do in all sincerity, you may see in a few minutes' time. Why, Mistress Hovenden, my good mother, I had hoped much from the imprisonment of my Lord Caulfield, whose death I look on as a heavy loss, not to speak of the good esteem in which I held him as a right valiant old soldier and a jovial, hearty neighbor—but stay—what is this—how—do mine eyes see right, or is that Shamus?"

Alas! it was Shamus, the beloved foster-brother, the trustiest vassal that ever followed chief to the field—and there he stood, one of the *six* whom Sir Phelim had already doomed to death. Seeing him thus, O'Neill struck his brow with his open palm, and turned away in violent agitation. Turning again he walked close up to Shamus, whose downcast eyes scarcely appeared to notice his presence.

"Shamus!" said the chief, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Shamus, are *you* a murderer—did *you* aid in slaying a prisoner entrusted to your care—a prisoner of rank and note?—speak, Shamus, did you do this deed?"

"My chief, *I did not*," said the foster-brother, raising his eyes for the first time, "I have made my death-shrift but now, and I tell you—believe me or not—that I am innocent of this crime, which Modder and the rest can tell you as well as I."

But Modder O'Neill, a fierce-looking mountaineer with fiery red hair, when questioned by his chief, declined to answer, alleging that he knew nothing more than that Shamus Beg was on the spot—whether he struck the Sassenach lord he could not tell.

"God forgive you, Modder!" cried Shamus, in a reproachful tone, "you know well I had neither act nor part in it, only that I helped to lift the corpse when them that ought to be in my place took to their heels——"

"And who is *that*?" demanded Sir Phelim.

"If you dare——!" cried Modder, with a look of savage ferocity.

"I would dare," replied Shamus, returning the look with one of stern defiance, only that what I never done before, I'll not do now—that is turn *informer*—Sir Phelim, if you *think* me guilty, I'm ready to bear whatever punishment you lay on me!"

"You must die, then, Shamus, though it breaks my heart to say it——"

"Son! son!" exclaimed Mistress Hovenden, coming forward with clasped hands, the same milk nursed you both—for the sake of his dead mother who loved you as her own, spare his life—spare poor Shamus, I beseech you!"

"Mother, I cannot spare *him* without sparing the others, and I have sworn by the soul of the great Nial that the murderers of Toby Caulfield shall die—*die!*" he repeated with fierce emphasis, stamping his foot at the same time; "if it were my *own* brother, he should share the same fate——"

"More shame for you, O'Neill," said Modder suddenly, "it was on your account we did it—an' it were to do over again, you might do it yourself——"

"Silence!" cried the chieftain in a voice of thunder; "you have left a stain upon my name which your heart's blood can never wash out—here, you, Teague, take twelve of the best shots in your company, and shoot these six there behind—behind—" he strove to keep up a show of stern indifference but it would not do—his rough voice sank to a whisper, and at last failed him quite—pointing with his hand to the fatal spot which he would have mentioned, he rushed away, followed, however, by several of the chieftains who, hearing of what was going on, hastened to intercede for the unhappy culprits.

But Sir Phelim, who had already rejected his mother's intercession, was little likely to hear them with more favor, and in a very few minutes all would have been over with the prisoners, when a duplicate image of Modder O'Neill was seen making his way through the doggedly silent and dicontented crowd, and seizing Shamus by the arm as fiercely as though he would have torn him to pieces, he dragged him back to the presence of their chief, crying with the fury of a maniac:

"It was I did it, Sir Phelim, and not him—he wouldn't *inform* on me, so I will!"

A cry of anguish from Modder brought all eyes on him, and the ghastly visage with which he stared on his twin brother, thus throwing himself on death, was a piteous sight to behold. How that wild, fierce man must have loved that no less uncouth brother of his, and the despairing look with which he regarded him, moved every heart. But Phadrig heeded him not at all, so intent was he on carrying out his wild idea of justice.

"I did it, Sir Phelim, and not Shamus—I stabbed the Sassenach chief, he said you were a base traitor—and I silenced his lying tongue with my skene—*I* did it, and I'm willing to die for it, but let Shamus go!—for he's innocent!"

"Thank God!" murmured Mistress Hovenden, and her younger son advancing shook Shamus warmly by the hand.

"It is well," said Sir Phelim, the ruddy tinge returning suddenly to his cheek and brow, "release Shamus, Teague, and take Phadrig O'Neill in custody. I am sorry for you, Phadrig, my honest fellow! by the sounding *Lia Fial*, I am, but justice must be done——"

It was now Shamus's turn to sue for "poor witless Phadrig," and other mediators of higher rank were not slack in their supplications for a general pardon of the six,—even his own chaplain adding his entreaties,—but Sir Phelim silenced them all with a ferocity that was partly assumed, and having allowed time, as a special grace, for Phadrig to receive the last rites, he consigned the prisoners to their fate,* with as much coolness as though they were so many of the hated Scotch troopers.

The other chieftains, with the sole exception of Rory Maguire, withdrew to their quarters in displeasure, and even Mistress Hovenden, albeit that she rejoiced to know her son innocent of Lord Caulfield's murder, refused to partake of any refreshment at his hands, and left the camp immediately. As for Shamus, he hardly knew, he said, whether to be glad or sorry, for, after the way in which poor Phadrig acted, he would as soon have died himself in a manner, as see *him* die—to be sure, whatever Sir Phelim did was right, but somehow he could not help thinking that the black looks and lowering brows of the clansmen were not without good cause, considering that the unlucky old Sassenach had brought his death on himself if ever man did.

(To be continued.)

* It is said, in justification of Sir Phelim, that, on hearing of Lord Caulfield's murder, he caused six of his men to be put to death in punishment of that crime.

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

BOOK II.

NORWEGIAN AND DANISH WARS.

CHAPTER IV.

KINGS OF THE TENTH CENTURY; NIAL IV.; DONOGH II.; CONGAL III.; DONALD IV.

Nial IV. (surnamed *Black-Knee*) succeeded his father-in-law, Flan of the Shannon, A. D. 916, and in the third year of his reign fell in an assault on Dublin; Donogh II., son of Flan Siona, reigned for twenty-five years; Congal III. succeeded, and was slain in an ambush by the Dublin Danes, in the twelfth year of his reign (A. D. 956); Donald IV., in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, died at Armagh, A. D. 979: which four reigns bring us to the period of the accession of Malachy II. as *Ard-Righ*, and the entrance of Brian Boru, on the national stage, as King of Cashel, and competitor for the monarchy.

The reign of Nial *Black-Knee* was too brief to be memorable for any other event than his heroic death in battle. The Danes having recovered Dublin, and strengthened its defences, Nial, it is stated, was incited by his confessor, the Abbot of Bangor, to attempt their re-expulsion. Accordingly, in October, 919, he marched towards Dublin, with a numerous host; Conor, son of the late king and *Roydamna;* the lords of Ulidia (Down), Oriel (Louth), Breagh (East-Meath), and other chiefs with their clans accompanying him. Sitrick and Ivar, sons of the first Danish leaders in Ireland, marched out to meet them, and near Rathfarnham, on the Dodder, a battle was fought, in which the Irish were utterly defeated and their monarch slain. This Nial left a son named Murkertach, who, according to the compact entered into between the Northern and Southern Hy-Nial, became the *Roydamna* of the next reign, and the most successful leader against the Danes, since the time of Malachy I. He was the step-son of the poetic Lady Gormley, whose lot it was to have been married in succession to the King of Munster, the King of Leinster, and the Monarch. Her first husband was Cormac, son of Cuilenan, before he entered holy orders; her second, Kerball of Leinster, and her third, Nial *Black-Knee*. She was an accomplished poetess, besides being the daughter, wife, and mother of kings, yet after the death of Nial she "begged from door to door," and no one had pity on her fallen state. By what vices she had thus estranged from her every kinsman, and every dependant, we are left to imagine; but that such was her misfortune, at the time her brother was monarch, and her step-son successor, we learn from the annals, which record her penance and death, under the date of 946.

The defeat sustained near Rathfarnham, by the late king, was amply avenged in the first year of the new *Ard-Righ* (A. D. 920), when the Dublin Danes having marched out, taken and burned Kells, in Meath, were on their return through the plain of Breagh, attacked and routed with unprecedented slaughter. "There fell of the nobles of the Norsemen here," say the old Annalists, "as many as fell of the nobles and plebeians of the Irish, at Ath-Cliath" (Dublin). The Northern Hydra, however, was not left headless. Godfrey, grandson of Ivar, and Tomar, son of Algi, took command at Dublin, and Limerick, in fusing new life into the remnant of their race. The youthful son of the late king, soon after at the head of a strong force (A. D. 921), compelled Godfrey to retreat from Ulster, to his ships, and to return by sea to Dublin. This was Murkertach, fondly called by the elegiac Bards, "the Hector of the West," and for his heroic achievements, not undeserving to be named after the gallant defender of Troy. Murkertach first appears in our annals at the year 921, and disappears in the thick of the battle in 938. His whole career covers seventeen years; his position throughout was subordinate and expectant—for King Donogh outlived his heir: but there are few names in any age of the history of his country more worthy of historical honor than his. While Donogh was king in name, Murkertach was king in fact; on him devolved the burden of every negotiation, and the brunt of every battle. Unlike his ancestor, Hugh of Aileach, in his opposition to Donogh's ancestor, Malachy I., he never attempts to counteract the king, or to harass him in his patrimony. He rather does what is right and needful himself, leaving Donogh to claim the credit, if he be so minded. True, a coolness and a quarrel arises between them, and even "a challenge of battle" is exchanged, but better councils prevail, peace is restored, and the king and the *Roydamna* march as one man against the common enemy. It has been said of another but not wholly dissimilar form of government, that Crown-Princes are always in opposition; if this saying holds good of father and son, as occupant and expectant of a throne, how much more likely is it to be true of a successor and a principal, chosen from different dynasties, with a view to combine, or at worst to balance, conflicting hereditary interests? In the conduct of Murkertach, we admire, in turn, his many shining personal qualities, which even tasteless panegyric cannot hide, and the prudence, self-denial, patience, and perseverance with which he awaits his day of power. Unhappily, for one every way as worthy of it, that day never dawned!

At no former period,—not even at the height of the tyranny of Turgesius,—was a capable Prince more needed in Erin. The new generation of Northmen were again upon all the estuaries and inland waters of the Island. In the years 923–4 and 5, their light armed vessels swarmed on Lough Erne, Lough Ree, and other lakes, spreading flame and terror on every side. Clonmacnoise and Kildare, slowly recovering from former pillage, were again left empty and in ruins. Murkertach, the base of whose early operations was his own patrimony in Ulster, attacked near Newry a Northern division under the command of the son of Godfrey (A. D. 926), and left 800 dead on the field. The escape of the remnant was only secured by Godfrey marching rapidly to their relief and covering the retreat. His son lay with the dead. In the years 933, at Sliene Beha, in his own Province, Murkertach won a third victory; and in 936, taking politic advantage of the result of the great English battle of Brunanburgh, which had so seriously diminished the Danish strength, the *Roydamna* in company with the King assulted Dublin, expelled its garrison, levelled its fortress, and left the dwellings of the Northmen in ashes. From Dublin they proceeded southward, through Leinster and Munster, and after taking hostages of every tribe, Donogh returned to his Methian home and Murkertach to Aileach. While resting in his own fort (A. D. 939), he was surprised by a party of Danes, and carried off to their ships, but says the old translator of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, "he made a good escape from them, as it was God's will." The following season he redoubled his efforts against the enemy. Attacking them on their own element he ravaged their settlements on the Scottish coasts and among the isles of Inse-Gall (the Hebrides), returning laden with spoils, and hailed with acclamations as the liberator of his people.

Of the same age with Murkertach, the reigning Prince at Cashel, was Kellachan, one of the heroes of the latter Bards and Story-tellers of the South. The romantic tales of his capture by the Danes, and captivity in their fleet at Dundalk, of the love which Sitricks' wife bore him, and of his gallant rescue by the Delcassians and Eugenians, have no historical sanction. He was often both at war and at peace with the foreigners of Cork and Limerick, and did not hesitate more than once to employ their arms for the maintenance of his own supremacy; but his only authentic captivity was, as a hostage, in the hands of Murkertach. While the latter was absent, on his expedition to Inse-Gall, Kellachan fell upon the Deisi and Ossorians, and inflicted severe chastisement upon them—alleging, as his provocation, that they had given hostages to Murkertach, and acknowledged him as *Roydamna* of all Erin, in contempt of the coequal rights of Cashel. When Murkertach returned from his Scotch expedition, and heard what had occurred, and on what pretext Kellachan had acted, he assembled at Aileach all the branches of the Northern Hy-Nial, for whom this was cause, indeed. Out of these he selected 1,000 chosen men, whom he provided, among other equipments, with those "leathern coats," which lent a *soubriquet* to his name; and with these "ten hundred heroes," he set out—strong in his popularity and his alliances—to make a circuit of the entire island (A. D. 940). He departed from Aileach, says his Bard, whose Itinerary we have, "keeping his left hand to the sea;" Dublin, once more rebuilt, acknowledged his title, and Sitrick, one of its lords, went with him as hostage for Earl Blacair and his countrymen; Leinster surrendered him Lorcan, its King; Kellachan, of Cashel, overawed by his superior fortune, advised his own people not to resist by force, and consented to become himself the hostage for all Munster. In Connaught, Conor, (from whom the O'Conor's take their family name,) son of the Prince, came voluntarily to his camp, and was received with open arms. Kellachan alone was submitted to the indignity of wearing a fetter. With these distinguished hostages, Murkertach and his leather cloaked "ten hundred" returned to Aileach, where, for five months, they spent a season of unbounded rejoicing. In the following year, the *Roydamna* transferred the hostages to King Donogh, as his *suzerain*, thus setting the highest example of obedience from the highest place. He might now look abroad over all the tribes of Erin, and feel himself without a rival among his countrymen. He stood at the very summit of his good fortune, when the Danes of Dublin, reinforced from abroad, after his "Circuit," renewed their old plundering practises. They marched north, at the close of winter, under Earl Blacair, their destination evidently being Armagh. Murkertach, with some troops hastily collected, disputed their passage at the ford of Ardee. An engagement ensued on Saturday, the 4th of March, 943, in which the noble *Roydamna* fell. King Donogh, to whose reign his vigorous spirit has given its main historical importance, survived him but a twelvemonth; the Monarch died in the bed of repose; the *Roydamna* in the thick of the battle.

The death of the brave and beloved Murkertach filled all Erin with grief and rage, and as King Donogh was too old to avenge his destined successor, that duty devolved on Congal, the new *Roydamna*. In the year after the fatal action at Ardee, Congal, with Brann, King of Leinster, and Killach, heir of Leinster, assaulted and took Dublin, and wreaked a terrible revenge for the nation's loss. The "women, children, and plebeians," were carried off captive; the greater part of the garrison were put to the sword; but a portion escaped in their vessels to their fortress on Dalkey, an island in the bay of Dublin. This was the third time within a century that Dublin had been rid of its foreign yoke, and yet as the Gaelic-Irish would not themselves dwell in fortified towns, the site remained open and unoccupied, to be rebuilt as often as it might be retaken. The gallant Congal, the same year, succeeded on the death of Donogh to the sovereignty, and, so soon as he had secured his seat, and surrounded it with sufficient hostages, he showed that he could not only avenge the death, but imitate the glorious life of him whose place he held. Two considerable victories in his third and fourth years increased his fame, and rejoiced the hearts of his countrymen: the first was won at Slane, aided by the Lord of Breffni (O'Ruarc), and by Olaf the Crooked, a northern chief. The second was fought at Dublin (947), in which Blacair, the victor at Ardee, and 1,600 of his men were slain. Thus was the death of Murkertach finally avenged.

It is very remarkable that the first conversions to Christianity among the Danes of Dublin should have taken place immediately after these successive defeats—in 948. Nor, although quite willing to impute the best and most disinterested motives to these first neophytes, can we shut our eyes to the fact that no change of life, such as we might reasonably look for, accompanied their change of religion. Godfrid, son of Sitrick, and successor of Blacair, who professed himself a Christian in 948, plundered and destroyed the churches of East-Meath in 949, burnt 150 persons in the oratory of Drumree, and carried off as captives 3,000 persons. If the tree is to be judged by its fruits, this first year's growth of the new faith is rather alarming. It compels us to disbelieve the sincerity of Godfrid, at least, and the fighting men who wrought these outrages and sacrileges. It forces us to rank them with the incorrigible heathens who boasted that they had twenty times received the Sacrament of Baptism, and valued it for the twenty white robes which had been presented to them on those occasions. Still, we must endeavor hereafter, when we can, to distinguish Christian from Pagan Danes, and those of Irish birth, sons of the first comers, from the foreign-born kinsmen of their ancestors. Between these two classes there grew a gulf of feeling and experience, which a common language or common dangers only partially bridged over. Not seldom the interests and inclinations of the Irish-born Dane, especially if a true Christian, were at open variance with the interests and designs of the new arrivals from Denmark, and it is generally, if not invariably, with the former, that the Leinster and other Irish Princes enter into coalitions for common political purposes. The remainder of the reign of Congal is one vigorous battle. The Lord of Breffni, who had fought beside him on the hill of Slane, advanced his claim to be recognized *Roydamna*, and this being denied, broke out into rebellion and harassed his patrimony. Donald, son of Murkertach, and grandson of Nial, (the first who took the name of *Uai*-Nial, or O'Neill,) disputed these pretensions of the Lord of Breffni; carried his boats overland from Aileach to Lough Erne in Fermanagh, and Lough Oughter in Cavan; attacked the lake islands, where the treasure and hostages of Breffni were kept, and carried them off to his own fortress. The warlike and indefatigable king was in the field summer and winter enforcing his authority on Munster and Connaught, and battling with the foreign garrisons between times. No former Ard-Righ had a severer struggle with the insubordinate elements which beset him from first to last. His end was sudden, but not inglorious. In returning from the chariot-races at the Curragh of Kildare, he was surprised and slain in an ambuscade laid for him by Godfrid at a place on the banks of the Liffey called Gyraris or Geeraris house. By his side, fighting bravely, fell the lords of Teffia and Ferrard, two of his nephews, and others of his personal attendants and companions. The Dublin Danes had in their turn a day of rejoicing and of revenge for the defeats they had suffered at Congal's hands.

This reign is not only notable for the imputed first conversion of the Danes to Christianity, but also for the general adoption of family names. Hitherto, we have been enabled to distinguish clansmen only by tribe-names formed by prefixing *Hy*, *Kinnel*, *Sil*, *Muintir*, *Dal*, or some synonymous term, meaning race, kindred, sept, district, or part, to the proper name of a remote common ancestor, as Hy-Nial, Kinnel-Connel, Sil-Murray, Muintir-Eolais, Dal-g Cais, and Dal-Riada. But the great tribes now begin to break into families, and we are hereafter to know particular houses, by distinct hereditary sirnames, as O'Neill, O'Conor, MacMurrough, and McCarthy. Yet, the whole body of relatives are often spoken of by the old tribal title, which, unless exceptions are named, is supposed to embrace all the descendants of the old connexion to whom it was once common. At first this alternate use of tribe and family names may confuse the reader—for it *is* rather puzzling to find a MacLoughlin with the same paternal ancestor as an O'Neill, and a McMahon of Thomond as an O'Brien, but the difficulty disappears with use and familiarity, and though the number and variety of newly-coined names cannot be at once committed to memory, the story itself gains in distinctness by the change.

In the year 955, Donald O'Neill, son of the brave and beloved Murkertach, was recognized as Ard-Righ, by the required number of Provinces, without recourse to coercion. But it was not to be expected that any Ard-Righ should, at this period of his country's fortunes, reign long in peace. War was then the business of the King; the first art he had to learn, and the first to practise. Warfare in Ireland had not been a stationary science since the arrival of the Norwegians and their successors, the Danes. Something they may have acquired from the natives, and in turn the natives were not slow to copy whatever seemed most effective in their tactics. Donald IV. was the first to imitate their habit of employing armed boats on the inland lakes. He even improved on their example, by carrying these boats with him overland, and launching them wherever he needed their co-operation; as we have already seen him do in his expedition against Breffni, while *Roydamna*, and as we find him doing again, in the seventh year of his reign, when he carried his boats overland from Armagh to Westmeath in order to employ them on Loch Ennell, near Mullingar. He was at this time engaged in making his first royal visitation of the Provinces, upon which he spent two months in Leinster, with all his forces, coerced the Munster chiefs by fire and sword into obedience, and severely punished the insubordination of Fergal O'Ruarc, King of Connaught. His fleet upon Loch Ennell, and his severities generally while in their patrimony, so exasperated the powerful families of the Southern Hy-Nial (the elder of which was now known as O'Melaghlin), tha on the first opportunity they leagued with the Dublin Danes, under their leader, Olaf "the Crooked" (A. D. 966), and drove King Donald out of Leinster and Meath, pursuing him across Slieve-Fuaid, almost to the walls of Aileach. But the brave tribes of Tyrconnell and Tyrowen rallied to his support, and he pressed south upon the insurgents of Meath and Dublin; West-Meath he rapidly overran, and "planted a garrison in every cantred from the Shannon to Kells." In the campaigns which now succeeded each other, without truce or pause, for nearly a dozen years, the Leinster people generally sympathized with, and assisted those of West-Meath, and Olaf, of Dublin, who recruited his ranks by the junction of the Lagmaus, a warlike tribe, from Inse-Gall (the Hebrides). Ossory, on the other hand, acted with the monarch, and the son of its Tanist (A. D. 974) was slain before Dublin, by Olaf and his Leinster allies, with 2,600 men, of Ossory and Ulster. The campaign of 978 was still more eventful: the Leinstermen quarrelled with their Danish allies, who had taken their king captive, and in an engagement at Belan, near Athy, defeated their forces, with the loss of the heir of Leinster, the lords of Kinsellagh, Lea and Morett, and other chiefs. King Donald had no better fortune at Killmoon, in Meath, the same season, where he was utterly routed by the same force with the loss of Ardgal, heir of Ulidia, and Kenneth, Lord of Tyrconnell. But for the victories gained about the same period in Munster, by Mahon and Brian, the sons of Kennedy, over the Danes of Limerick, of which we shall speak more fully hereafter, the balance of victory would have inclined towards the foreigners at this stage of the contest.

A leader, second in fame and in services only to Brian, was now putting forth his energies against the common enemy, in Meath. This was Melaghlin, better known afterwards as Malachy II., son of Donald, son of King Donogh, and, therefore, great-grandson to his namesake, Malachy I. He had lately attained to the command of his tribe—and he resolved to earn the honors which were in store for him, as successor to the sovereignty. In the year 979, the Danes of Dublin and the Isles marched in unusual strength into Meath, under the command of Rannall, son of Olaf the Crooked, and Connail, "the Orator of Ath-Cliath," (Dublin.) Malachy, with his allies, gave them battle near Tara, and achieved a complete victory. Earl Rannall and "the Orator" were left dead on the field, with, it is reported, 5,000 of the foreigners." On the Irish side fell the heir of Leinster, the lord of Morgallion and his son; the lords of Fertullagh and Cremorne, and a host of their followers. The engagement, in true Homeric spirit, had been suspended on three successive nights, and renewed three successive days. It was a genuine pitched battle—a trial of main strength, each party being equally confident of victory. The results were most important, and most gratifying to the national pride. Malachy, accompanied by hi friend, the lord of Ulidia (Down), moved rapidly on Dublin, which, in its panic, yielded to all his demands. The King of Leinster and 2,000 other prisoners were given up to him without ransom. The Danish chief solemnly renounced all claims to tribute or fine from any of the dwellers without their own walls. Malachy remained in the city three days, dismantled its fortresses, and carried off its hostages and treasure. The unfortunate Olaf the Crooked fled beyond seas, and died at Iona, in exile, and a Christian. In the same year, and in the midst of universal rejoicing, Donald IV. died peacefully and piously at Armagh, in the 24th year of his reign. He was succeeded by Malachi, who was his sister's son, and in whom all the promise of the lamented Murkertach seemed to revive.

The story of Malachy II. is so interwoven with the still more illustrious career of Brian *Borooa*, that it will not loose in interest by being presented in detail. But before entering on the rivalry of these great men, we must again remark on the altered position which the Northmen of this age hold to the Irish from that which existed formerly. A century and a half had now elapsed since their first settlement in the seaports, especially of the eastern and southern Provinces. More than one generation of their descendants had been born on the banks of the Liffey, the Shannon and the Suir. Many of them had married into Irish families, had learned the language of the country, and embraced its religion. When Limerick was taken by Brian, Ivor its Danish lord fled for sanctuary to Scattery Island, and when Dublin was taken by Malachy II., Olaf the Crooked, fled to Iona. Intermarriages with the highest native families became frequent, after their conversion to Christianity. The mother of Malachy, after his father's death, had married Olaf of Dublin, by whom she had a son, named *Gluniarran*, (*Iron-Knee*, from his armor,) who was thus half-brother to the King. It is natural enough to find him the ally of Malachy, a few years later, against Ivar of Waterford; and curious enough to find Ivar's son called Gilla-Patrick—servant of Patrick. Kellachan Cashel had married a Danish, and Sitrick, "of the Silken beard," an Irish lady. That all the Northmen were not, even in Ireland, converted in one generation, is evident. Those of Inse-Gall were still, perhaps, Pagans; those of the Orkneys and of Denmark, who came to the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the next century, chose to fight on Good Friday under the advice of their heathen Oracles. The first half of the XIth century, the age of Saint Olaf and of Canute, is the era of the establishment of Christianity among the Scandinavians, and hence the necessity for distinguishing between those who came to Ireland, direct from the Baltic, from those who, born in Ireland and bred up in the Christian faith, had as much to apprehend from such an invasion, as the older Christian population.

(To be continued.)

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

We had thought that Belfast was in blissful ignorance of the barbarous practice known in London and other English towns by the designation of "garroting." Such, however, is not the case. As a respectable young man was passing Curtis street, he observed two or three suspicious-looking characters standing at the corner of that street. As soon as he walked past, one of the fellows instantly jumped forward, laid hold of him by the throat, and almost strangled him, while another dashed forward simultaneously to plunder his pockets, which would, no doubt, have been done if another young gentleman had not appeared upon the scene at the instant, and rendered the necessary assistance, by using a walking-stick pretty freely. The fellows took to their heels through the narrow entries in that locality, but not before they knocked one of the young men down, leaving his face bleeding pretty profusely. The young men thought it prudent not to follow the fellows, so that they escaped the punishment they richly deserved.—*News-Letter.*

Robert Taggert, a herd on the mountain of Upper Claggin, on the road between Glenarm and Broughshane, visited Ballymena recently in a rather remarkable suit of home-made clothing. He wore a linen shirt, which he had spun from flax with his own hands, and woven into cloth by his own labor, and upon his own loom. His comfortable outer garments were manufactured from the wool of his own sheep; and every process of the work—the cutting, carding, dressing, spinning, and weaving into cloth—was performed in like manner, without the assistance or interference of any other individual.—*Ballymena Observer.*

Mr. Bernard Brannigan, a respectable publican, who resided in Mill street, Belfast, and had been some time in delicate health, suddenly expired in his own shop. He was observed to fall back snddenly, and on some of the people of the house running to see what was the matter he was insensible—apparently dead. Medical aid was immediately in attendance, but he expired soon after. Disease of the heart is the supposed cause of death.

There are now living on the Falls, at a short distance from Belfast, seven individuals whose united ages amount to 600 years. They all live within a circle the radius of which is three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Theodore Frean is appointed consul at Belfast for the United States.

Carlow.

A fire broke out in an outhouse of Mr. Lawrence Maher, Tullow street. The alarm quickly spread, and owing to the exertions of a large number of townspeople who were aroused by the startling cry of fire, it was in a short time extinguished. Had the flames not been so soon got under, the damage might have been serious, as they were raging within a few yards of a large quantity of hay. Another fire broke out in the shop of Mr. O'Sullivan, Dublin street. The flames were quickly subdued owing to the plentiful supply of water, but not till part of the shop floor, counter, and some goods were destroyed. Any loss Mr. O'Sullivan may have sustained is, we are glad to hear, covered by insurance.—*Sentinel.*

We are happy to record the extreme lightness of the calendar for the approaching assizes, there being but three prisoners for trial, and they only charged with trifling offences.—*Ibid.*

Cork.

A very valuable gold watch and chain was presented to Mr. W. A. Sealy, on his retirement from the service of the Cork and Bandon Railway Company.

The petition against the Cork Butter Bill from the County Cork Agricultural Society was forwarded by Messrs. Footts and Fitzsimons, solicitors.

A lecture was delivered to the Cork Young Men's Association by the Rev. J. Cooke. Subject: "Robert Hall."

Donegal.

While Lieutenant Story, Royal Artillery, was shooting along the shore of Ballyness, county Donegal, he killed three wild geese at one shot. What renders the circumstances more extraordinary is the fact that the birds were brought down with snipe shots.

Galway.

The grant of £3,000 per trip, or £78,000 a year, to the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, taken in connection with the £13,000 a year subsidy from Newfoundland, places the Galway line in its true and proper position, and there is nothing now left save for the company to gratify public expectation, as we have no doubt they will do. The distance from Galway to America is another point to be taken into consideration in estimating the full advantages now enjoyed by the Atlantic Royal Steamship Line. The voyage from Galway to St. John's will admit of the construction of faster vessels than have yet been built for transatlantic purposes, as it is evident that a much less quantity of coal will be needed for the run. The Galway line will possess an advantage over the Cunard in respect of the amount paid by the government for each voyage, even supposing that no additional colonial subsidies are likely to be granted. It is also certain that each trip ought to cost less in proportion to the less distance to be performed. We trust now that the opponents of Galway as a packet station will yield to an established fact. It is probable that ere long a weekly line from Galway will make cheap transatlantic postage an attainable object. The great benefits and advantages of this line will extend to every commercial town in Great Britain; but they will be first sensibly felt in Ireland. The trade returns of next year will credit to an amount that will probably astonish the non-believers, if any remain, in Ireland's progress and future prosperity. The present government have undoubtedly done a wise, just, and expedient thing in granting this subsidy.—*Mining Journal.*

A man named Roper, an Englishman, who had lately come to reside within two miles of Tuam, was recently found dead in his bed. The man went to bed in apparently perfect health, and on his wife attempting to call him in the morning she found that life had fled. An inquest was held, and a verdict in accordance with the facts returned. While Mr. Egan, architect, was looking on as the grave was being excavated, about two feet from the surface, he observed that the place was paved. On the removal of some of the stones, he found a snuff-box, apparently made of bone, with a piece of silver chain on the corner, with the initials J. B. P. on it. The box seemed to have lain there for a century at least, and to have been the property of one in comfortable circumstances.—*Express.*

During the prevalence of an unusually heavy gale of wind, a woman named Bridget Finn, about sixty years of age, was blown off the road at Mill street, Galway, near the Paper Mills, into the Corrib River. The current at this place runs with great force and rapidity, and the woman was carried floating on the surface, apparently buoyed up by her clothes, and then swept under the bridge at Dominick street, leading to Messrs. Wade and Warde's mills, and was drowned.

Kilkenny.

The spring assizes are approaching, and we are happy to state that the Kilkenny calendar will be one of the lightest in Ireland. The peace which ought at all times to have characterized our city, but which was ruffled for a while by the street preachers who were unhappily introduced amongst us, has been restored, and sectarian animosities have died out in Kilkenny. This is as it should be; and were it not for the fanaticism which brought ignorant ranters to insult the Catholic people of Kilkenny at their own doors, the social peace of the city would never have been disturbed, and the citizens would have lived, as they ought to live, in harmony and good feeling with each other. We are happy to state that since the ranters left our streets religious rancor has disappeared; and for our part we shall spare no effort to promote that social and religious peace which should characterize all classes and creeds in Kilkenny.—*Journal.*

Limerick.

The late fair of Askeaton was the largest and best attended for years; buyers from Waterford, Kilkenny, Cork, Tipperary, and Limerick attended, and purchased about 1,600 pigs, at prices varying from 44s. to 48s. per cwt. There was a large supply of horned cattle, a great many of which exchanged hands at high figures.

A number of young gentlemen in Limerick are forming a rowing club. Great sport is expected on the Shannon during the coming season.

The Limerick and Castleconnell Railway is to be extended to Killaloe at an expense of £30,000.

Four of the Jesuit Fathers have arrived in Limerick where a branch of the order is to be established.

It is stated that Lord Gullamore is dangerously ill at his residence Castle Gullamore.

Newcastle races will come off about the end of April.

A new pier is to be erected at Red Gap on the Lower Shannon.

Louth.

Gavazzi, the notorious apostate, is to hold forth to a Dundalk audience shortly. All souperdom will assemble to "hear him" and "cheer him," and holloo him on in his insane ravings against the Holy Church of God. He is no Protestant, but what of that! The Dundalk soupers and "saints," and "ragged school" imps would welcome him if he were a Turk, provided he assailed in foul and filthy language the Church of five-sixths of Christendom. This audacious Gavazzi, they say, resembles Luther. Well that is paying the miserable man no great compliment. Luther feasted on salt in company with the devil, slept with the devil, and ciscussed religion with the devil! Has the apostate Gavazzi performed these feats with the king of the lower regions? The Catholic Church will always be assailed by some apostate or other till the end of time, when Anti-Christ will finish the work of all his predecessors, and persecute her until she shall be compelled to fly to the desert. Let us hope that the sensible Protestants of Dundalk will teach him a lesson by keeping away from his lecture, and leaving the madman to rave and roar to an empty room.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Four laborers employed by Mr. Semple were digging at Ball's Grove, when one man raising his shovel observed that it was silver and not earth that was on it; he immediately threw himself on the spoil, and succeeded in cramming six score of six-shilling pieces into his pocket; his companions secured thirty pieces, and the other men fell in for their share also. The money might amount to about £60 in all. There were different coins—six-shilling pieces, half crowns, and thirteen-penny pieces, all of the reign of George I., and must have lain there for a long time. They were contained in a crock which had decayed away.—*Drogheda Conservative.*

We observe by a report in *Saunders's News-Letter* that at a meeting of the Drogheda Corporation it was unanimously arranged that Sir John McNeille should at once be solicited to furnish working plans and specification of two new drawbridges proposed to be erected over the river Boyne at judicious distances, in order to allow vessels to reach the west end of the town. One of the Town Council, Robert Elwood Ellis, surgeon, stated that he was in a position to inform the Corporation that he could lend any sum required for the purpose, from £5,000 upwards, as a first charge on the Corporate estate. The Corporation have already obtained permission from the Lords of the Treasury to borrow the money, so that it appears his long looked-for project is in a fair way of being commenced. We understand the trade of Drogheda for some time past has been decreasing, and a public work like this must prove a great boon to the working classes and the inhabitants generally, if carried out with spirit. —*Newry Examiner.*

Mayo.

A fire broke out in the house of Mr. Millar, of the North Mall, Westport. The flames soon reached the roof, the falling in of which on some crates of delph that were in the shop caused a terrific crash, and which aroused the inhabitants of the vicinity, who speedily repaired to the scene of the conflagration, and by their assistance, combined with the exertions of the constabulary, the devouring element was extinguished.—*Constitution.*

An inquest was held by John Bourke, coroner, on the body of Hugh Carr, of Graffy, who returned to his home from Swinford, on the market day, apparently in perfect health, and suddenly expired as he reached his own house. A verdict of "died by the visitation of God" was returned.—*Ibid.*

Meath.

The farmers on the Rathbran estate, county Meath, and some others, lately sent their ploughs to plough a portion of the farm of one of their neighbors, who was somewhat backward in that most essential operation of farming. It reflects great credit on the parties who have thus come forward and cast in the shade the fable of the lark and her young ones, thereby proving that the Irish national character is not yet eradicated from the hearts of her sons, coupling to it an example that by thus assisting each other society at large would be greatly benefitted. It shows that the farmers of that locality are a warm-hearted, sympathetic class of men, who practice that godly precept, "love thy neighbor as thyself." On the occasion there numbered thirty-two ploughs, with good men and true to follow them.—*People.*

Walter Logan, Smithstown (in the neighborhood of Tara), died suddenly while hunting in the neighborhood of Ballinteer, the seat of John Joseph Preston.

Queen's County.

The constabulary have been making a diligent but fruitless search for Delany, the supposed murderer of Ely. Private information having been given them that Delany was known to be secreted somewhere about Clogrennane Wood, they immediately proceeded to the place, and searched it, as well as all the houses in the locality where there might be the slightest possibility of his being concealed, but were unable to discover the slightest clue as to his present whereabouts. On the police proceeding at a late hour of the night to the house of a farmer named Rorke, for the purpose of having it searched, they were refused admission, and threatened that if they attempted to effect an entrance they would be treated as robbers and fired on, except they produced a magistrate's warrant. The police not having a warrant with them at the time, some of the men were sent to the nearest magistrate, Capt. Fitzmaurice, who got out of bed, and accompanied the police to Rorke's house, where they were admitted, but discovered no person except the members of Rorke's family.

Roscommon.

The estate of Marcus M'Causeland, in the county Roscommon, was sold recently, in the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, and realized £79,125, being an average of about thirty-one years' purchase.

Tipperary.

Wednesday, 23d ult., being the day fixed for the competition for the "*Advocate Prize Plough*," a large number of persons interested in agricultural matters assembled at the scene of action, Islandbawn, within two miles of Nenagh, to witness the skill and achievements of crack Tipperary ploughmen. There could not have been much less than fifteen hundred persons congregated on the sod, including many of the wives and black haired daughters of the neighboring farmers. The weather was glorious. The ground selected for the trial was a nine-acre lea field, the property of Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien of Nenagh. The land was strong and brittle, which was rather a disadvantage, as the ploughmen would have been better able to show their accuracy of eye and dexterity of hand over older and tougher soil. However, to use a homely adage, "what was good for the goose, was good for the gander," and every man had to contend with the same difficulty. About half-past ten o'clock the competitors arrived on the field with their ploughs, and they at once proceeded to put them in proper trim. Seven aspirants to the prize made their appearance, all full of high hopes and anticipations of success. The share required to be turned up by each contestant was somewhat more than a quarter and ten perches in area. The ground had been squared and marked out the preceding day, so that there was no delay or confusion, but having cast lots for places each man set vigorously to the task assigned him. They commenced work at eleven o'clock, pursued their course steadily and perseveringly, and finished in about five hours. Some of the restless spirits on the ground felt it a little dull to have the entire interest of the day absorbed in the tedious though useful operations of the ploughman, so it was determined to diversify the proceedings by improvising a series of races. The first was for an elegant new cutting whip, to be run for by donkeys on the flat. The course was rather a stiff one, the racers having to cross the field, give a short wheel, and return to the starting post. Six donkeys mounted by as many excited juveniles entered for the prize; the animals looked gamesome, and accordingly betting got very spirited, and many and various conjectures were hazarded as to the winner. The moment for starting approached, and the anxiety of the spectators was wound up to its highest pitch. The jocks bedded their knees in the asses' sides, and took a Curragh grip of the reins. "Are you ready?" An answer in the affirmative is returned. Then "Away," and off they then start at a full gallop, helter skelter, every donkey in a different direction. The scene that ensued baffles description; the crowd yelling, laughing and huzzaing, the donkeys careering in mad bewilderment, ears cocked and heels in the air, each surrounded by a group of frantic partizans, who belabored the poor brutes with wattles, and in return received occasional kicks in the shins. One high mettled animal pitched off no less than three different riders, and no sooner was one spilled than another ambitious equestrian jumped into his place, and was in turn left to measure his length upon mother earth. A carter's whip was next put up, and two thoroughbred donkeys came to the post. A pretty race followed, the winner heading his opponent barely by a couple of lengths. The next event on the cards was a sack race, and this also caused the greatest merriment, the awkward mishaps of the queer looking characters encased in the bags, drawing down peals of laughter, loud and long. When the awards for the ploughing match had been made, a prize was offered to be run for by farming horses. Three started, and after a splendid race, they came in as follows: Mr. J. O'Brien's first, Mr. M. O'Brien's second, and Mr. Owen Coffey's third. A feeble old man was accidentally knocked against by one of the animals whilst at full speed, and was stunned for awhile, but fortunately he received no serious injury. Thus terminated our first ploughing match. We are happy to be able to state that everything passed off to the public satisfaction as it did to ours, and that no drunkenness or quarrelling arose to mar the general harmony. A small body of armed police from Beechwood was in attendance, but their office was a sinecure. Much innocent amusement was excited, and a really useful purpose was subserved.—*Advocate.*

A serious accident occurred on the road between Kilbarron and Borrisokane, to John Reardon, one of the drivers attached to O'Meara's Hotel, Nenagh. The poor sufferer had on his car at the time, Mr. Finnigan of Borrisokane, and Mr. John Latchford, formerly foreman of Mr. J. B. Corneille. On coming to the foot of the hill, the two gentlemen alighted, and Reardon perceiving an ass and car without a guide, straight on the road before him, also got down with the intention of removing the obstruction. In alighting he let the reins fall smartly upon the back of the mare, and she at once took flight and started forward. The unfortunate man followed and succeeded in grasping the reins, but was just then hurled to the ground with such violence that his right arm was broken. The car also passed over him, breaking three of his ribs, and inflicting severe bruises over various parts of his body. The mare was stopped about half a mile further on, and the poor sufferer conveyed to Borrisokane. We are glad to learn that he is going on favorably.

Our far-famed native ventriloquist, Gallaher, appeared in Nenagh, after an absence of many years from our boards. We had heard from several persons that time had made some ravages on his unique and extraordinary powers, but we met with a vastly agreeable disappointment, for there was Gallaher, the inimitable Gallaher, as genial and juvenescent as in those palmy days when he first astonished the Irish public. His delineations of character had the charm of novelty with the majority of his audience, but there were some present with whom the reputation of Gallaher was more than merely traditionary, and they were gratified to find that the veteran had not failed in voice or versatility.—*Ibid.*

By letters received in town we are informed of a riot which took place between the Marines of Gosport and the South Tipperary Militia. The soldiers are said to have paraded the streets in hundreds, and thirteen of the Marines are reported as seriously injured. This unfortunate occurrence has created a disagreeable antagonism between the inhabitants of the town and the Tiipperary Militia, and the consequence of it is the closing of the lodging doors against many of the soldiers' wives.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Richard Freeman has been elected President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at Carrick-on-Suir.

St. Mary's Church in Clonmel has been recently restored, and a new organ procured.

Westmeath.

At the Westmeath assizes, Martin Fallon was convicted and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for having in his possession passwords

which were proved to be those of an illegal secret society. He was arrested on the 3d of February last for being drunk and violent in a public-house. On being searched, the police found a piece of paper bearing the following words: "We expect a war with England and France. The Irish Brigade is on the advance. Let each man hold his station. The navy is making preparation. You seem ignorant—I am better bred. The night is dark—as black as heresy. That the trumpet of freedom may proclaim a war. Hoist the French and American star."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Giornale di Roma, of the 13th of February, states that on the 12th Feb. his Eminence Cardinal Mattei, sub-deacon of the Sacred College, accompanied by the Prelates Mons. Ferlisi, Patriarch of Antioch, Mons. Giraud, and Mons. de Falloux de Coudray, all three Canons of the patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, went in grand state to return, on the part of the Sacred College, the visit of his Eminence Cardinal Von Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, as also to M. de Riossy Rosas, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of her Catholic Majesty at the Court of Rome.

The new ecclesiastical college at Bruges, founded by the munificence of an English convert, has been opened for work—the Rev. Abbe Dessein is president. Five students, already far advanced in their course, have been transplanted from England, three from St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw; two from St. Edmund's, Old Hall. Flemings have a peculiar aptitude for acquiring our difficnlt language; we trust, therefore, that it may greatly assist in supplying the great want of the Catholic Church in England.—*Weekly Register.*

The Rev. William Bourke thankfully acknowledges the receipt of £5 from the Hon. Judge O'Brien, being his fourth subcription to St. John's New Cathedral. The Very Rev. Dean Butler has received the sum of £17 from the Hon. Justice O'Brien to be distributed as follows, to the charities of the city, viz.: £10 to the Sisters of Mercy, for the sick poor of the city; £5 to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the poor of the city, visited by that Brotherhood; £2 to the Christain Brothers, for their schools in Sexton street.—*Limerick Rep.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan has received from the Rev. Dr. Maher the sum of £25 13s 1d, being the amount collected by the late Very Rev. Maurice Fitzgibbon in the parishes of Kilfinane and Ardpatrick, for the propagation of the faith.—*Ibid.*

The interesting ceremony of the reception of a young postulant took place lately at St. Mary's Ursuline Convent. His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien officiated, assisted by several other clergymen. The young lady who has thus dedicated herself to religion is second daughter of Mr. Mullooney, R. M., Dalkey, and sister to Mrs. Andrew Barden, of this city.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

A letter from Puy (Haute-Loire) says: "The operation of casting the colossal statue of Our Lady has been successfully effected at Givors." It will be shortly removed to Puy, where its solemn inauguration will be attended by all the bishops and superiors of religious communities in France.

The Rev. Joseph Hassan, D. D., one of the directors of the All Hallows' College, died on Saturday, 26th February, at his apartment in the College. This deservedly lamented young clergyman was a native of the diocese of Derry, and graduated at All Hallows and afterwards at the Propaganda, Rome.

The spiritual retreat opened at the Catholic Chapel, North Shields, on the 20th February, by the Redemptorist Fathers Lewis, Lea, and Gibson, has closed. About 125 converts have been added to the congregation and received baptism.—*Sunderland Times.*

The Sovereign Pontiff held a public Consistory at the Vatican on the 18th ult., to present the Cardinal's hat to Mgr. Camille di Pietro, who was nominated *in patto* on the 19th December, 1853, and proclaimed in ihe Consistory of the 16th June, 1856.

The obsequies of the late lamented Rev. Mr. McMahon, P. P., of Miltown Malbay, were presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Fallan, Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, and were attended by a large concourse of the clergy and laity of Clare.

The Jesuit Fathers have opened their house, Milltown Park, near Dublin, for the purpose of giving spiritual retreats to those who may desire to pass a few days in retirement from the world.

The *Giornale di Roma* announces the arrival in the Holy City of Mgr. Frederick Landgrave, of Furstenburgh, Prince Archbishop of Olmutz in Moravia, accompanied by his suite.

A solemn High Mass, *de requiem*, was offered up in the Church of Cummer, for the deceased benefactors of the churches of that parish.—*Tuam Herald.*

Domestic.

Bishop Timon in Rochester.—Early on Sunday morning of March the 13th, as the sun shone out with all its cheering and brightening rays, there might have been seen hundreds of pople wending their way towards the splendid Church of St. Joseph's, which is located in the northeast section of our city. The Father Superior of this Church, Rev. Mr. Dyker, belongs to the order of the Redemptorists, a most estimable clergyman, and is assisted by two other Rev. gentlemen of the same order, who is also highly esteemed by all who know them. About eight o'clock, A.M., the spacious edifice was densly crowded, principally by Germans. The procession of the children was orderly and very large. When Mass was over the Right Rev. Bishop Timon administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 130 children, boys and girls, and then delivered a short sermon, in German, and afterwards in English. At half-past ten o'clock, A.M., the Bishop assisted at High Mass in the French Church, in Ely street, and administered Confirmation to 37 children there. He then preached in French and English to a congregation which filled the Church almost to suffocation. At four o'clock in the afternoon he preached, after vespers, in St. Patrick's, a very instructive discourse. At half-past seven o'clock, P.M., he delivered a lecture in St. Mary's Church, on South st., which is perhaps the most beautiful edifice in Rochester. He took for his text the 4th chap. of St. Matthew, the 1st and 2d verse—"Then Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. 2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights he was afterwards hungry." I would feel great pleasure in giving your many readers a sketch of his eloquent lecture, but I would not have time to copy it, as I took it down in stenography, so I have to leave off in time before the mail closes.—*Communicated.*

Novena to St. Francis Xavier.—Our pious fellow-Catholics, the French Canadians in Toronto, have not forgot the time-honored practice of dedicating nine days' prayer to the great Patron Saint of Canada, St. Francis Xavier. On Saturday last, 12th inst., the Novena, which had been well attended by nearly all our Canadian friends now residing in Toronto, was closed by a pathetic and impressive address, in the French language, from his Lordship, Rsght Rev. Dr. DeCharbonnel. Throughout the whole of the Novena, appropriate instructions were given alternately by the Rev. Canon Philbert and Rev. Mr. Oullette, of St. Michael's Cathedral.—*Canadian Freeman.*

Anti-Popery Lectures.—We find the subjoined in the Washington *News*: "A man representing himself as an apostate Roman Catholic priest is now lecturing in Norfolk on Nuns, Jesuits and Sisters of Mercy. A few nights ago, in the course of one of his lectures, he commenced traducing the Sisters of Mercy, whereupon more than half of his audience, remembering the services of these ladies during the yellow fever there, rose up and left the room. The *whole* audience ought to have done so."

A Beautiful Painting.—Among the chief attractions at the Fair for the Good Shepherd, says the New Orleans *Catholic Standard*, is an old painting by a celebrated Italian artist, Cubiassi, who, if not recognized as one of "the great masters," was eminently distinguished in his art, when it required merit to win distinction. This beautiful picture was imported from Italy by Captain C. H. Badger, and presented to the Fair by his estimable wife.

Ordination.—On Sunday, March 6th, in the Cathedral Chapel, the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann elevated to the dignity of Priesthood Henry Wright, a Student of St. Charles' Theological Seminary. The Right Rev. Bishop also conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on two hundred and ninety-six persons in St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia, on Monday, the 7th inst.—*Phil. Cath. Herald and Visitor.*

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE—ARRIVAL OF THE "WESER."

We are in possession of four days later intelligence from Europe, to the 6th inst., by the steamship *Weser*, which left Cork on the morning of that date. Warlike rumors still continue to be the order of the day, and the public mind is consequently feverish and unsettled. On the other hand, the Emperor Napoleon seems anxious to calm the public anxiety, and accordingly his organ, the *Moniteur*, has an article in its issue of Saturday, the 5th inst., in which an effort is made to allay the public ferment and restore a confidence in peace:

The serious condition of Italian affairs has attracted the attention of the Emperor, whose endeavors are to conclude an alliance in furtherance of the interest of France. The Emperor has promised the King of Sardinia to protect him against any aggressive acts of Austria, but his promises extended no further. The Emperor denies that France is making warlike preparations. She has not exceeded the effective force she is accustomed to maintain during peace. Assuming that preparations in the Arsenals have received any extraordinary impulse, it is because changes were necessary in our artillery and in the whole of our fleet. All naval preparations are limited to the arming of four frigates and four transports, to meet imminent emergencies.

It is absurd to represent the Emperor as pushing war, and to cast on him alone the responsibility of having caused warlike preparations in Europe. Where can any one point out words, diplomatic notes, or acts implying the wish of the Emperor to provoke war? The Emperor is now examining the various reasons of the present complications, but this must not be regarded as any provocation of war on his part. Besides, to examine these questions is to meet them in a diplomatic way, and nothing authorizes the belief that the issue will not be favorable to the continuation of the peace.

The following are the latest telegraphic reports, sent to Cork from England and the Continent of Europe, which appeared in the Cork papers:

The colonels of the French regiments are instructed to be ready to call in the men belonging to their regiments who are out on furlough. The Twenty-seventh regiment of the line has received the whole of its equipments, even to its field tents, and it is under orders to move at the shortest notice. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that in official circles the confidence of Lord Cowley's success was reduced to the lowest degree.

The London *Herald's* correspondent states that the warlike preparations on all sides show no signs of abating. In Lombardy the Austrians are working unceasingly to strengthen all their positions. Everything has been got in readiness for a campaign.

The Piedmontese on their side are not idle. The fortifications of Allessandria are said to be nearly ready. The French semi-official journals announce that the Sardinian reserves are to be called under arms. Orders have been sent to Cherbourg to arm and prepare the Imperial yacht to sail 15th April. The furniture for the Imperial apartments on board is to be sent from Germany at the end of the present month. The state departments at Fontainbleau are to be got ready, and it is rumored that a visit is expected from important personages.

Le Nord declares that Lord Cowley did not deliver any letter of credence, but an autograph letter from the Queen to the Emperor of Austria.

The Vienna journals have assumed a more warlike tone.

The London *Post* plainly declares that Austria cannot renounce the particular conventions which she has concluded with the Italian States.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says the war fever is increasing in Germany.

In Russia the seventh army corps stationed in Westphalia is to be placed in a state of preparation.

The correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says:

I never like to speculate much on European politics as connected with the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon, because outside that personage's immediate confidants I do not think anybody has the slightest good reason for founding an opinion. I shall tell you two facts, however, bearing upon the matter. One is, that the man in England who perhaps is best acquainted with foreign affairs expresses his firm belief in private that the Emperor means war, and has been augmenting his navy to prevent any demonstration on our part. The second fact is, that the French Government are constructing on the Mediterranean seaboard no less than one hundred and twenty gunboats. This you may rely on.

A letter from Paris dated on the 2nd inst., in the evening, to the Cork *Examiner*, says:

Among the flood of gossip which is going the rounds of Parisian *salons*, I may mention the belief that if Lord Cowley's mission does not succeed, the declaration of war of France against Austria will be dated on the 11th of April. That is the anniversary of the treaty of Fontainbleau in 1814, when the Emperor Napoleon abdicated the throne. As a mere political curiosity your readers may like to see the first article of that treaty—"His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon renounces, both for himself, his successors and descendants, as well as for all the members of his family, all rights of sovereignty over the French empire, the kingdom of Italy and any other part of Europe." This treaty was signed by Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicence; Marshal Ney, Prince da la Moskowa; Marshal Macdonal, Duc de Tarento; and Prince Metternich.

The Austrian army in Italy has been placed on a war footing, and an Austrian despatch addressed to the representatives of Austria at the different courts of Germany is published *in extenso*. War is considered in the Cabinet as the possible consequence of the intention of Austria to defend, against every attack, her rights in Italy, and satisfaction is expressed at the state of public opinion in Germany, which is united in an energetic protestation against a return of the days of the Confederation of the Rhine. The despatch makes known the grounds which have induced the cabinet to believe the moment is not come for the German Confederation to take decided measures, but it advises the German Governments mutually to communicate to each other their convictions on their danger, so that all certainty might be established that, in case of need, Germany would, at the proper time, act in union with Austria.

Mr. Lever is determined to spare no efforts in forwarding the interests of the Galway line, as the following, which we find in the Belfast *News Letter*, will testify:

The steamers at present in course of erection at North Shields for the Atlantic Royal Mail steamship Company (Galway) will be, it appears, the largest steam vessels in the mail service. We extract the following, in reference to them, from a private letter, dated North Shields, February 20: "There are three very large steamers at present on the stocks here for the Lever line from Galway. When finished they will be the largest vessels afloat, with the exception of the Great Eastern.

The Cork *Examiner* of the 4th inst. has the following:

It was stated last week that the United States government had subsidized the vessel of the North German Lloyd Company to carry the German and English mails to and from New York. These vessels will rendezvous at Bremen, and touch at Cowes. At present the company has three vessels, called the Weser, Bremen and New York. They are screw steamers, each 3,000 tons burden, 600 horse power.

Perth (C. W.) St. Patrick's Society.—The annual meeting for the election of officers for the above Society was held in the Catholic Church on Sunday, the 27th February, 1859, when the following gentlemen were duly elected for the current year: Very Rev. J. H. McDonah, President; Michael Stanley, Esq., 1st Vice President; Stephen Foot, Esq., 2d Vice President; Mr. William Walsh, Treasurer; Mr. D. Harrington, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Jas. Stanley, Recording Secretary.

IRISH DEATHS.

February 27, in Lower Mount street, Dublin, Margaret, widow of Abraham Tate, of Coolballintegart, county Wicklow.

February 27, in Hatch street, Sarah, relict of William Henry Steele, late of Rathmines.

February 27, at his residence, 3 Caroline row, Edward Mulligan, M. D.

At Pembroke road, Dr. M'Dermott, late surgeon 89th regiment.

February 26, at Myrtle place, Kingstown, John Edward O'Reilly.

March 1, at 1 Westmoreland terrace, Ranelagh, Jane, wife of William J. Battersby, deeply regretted.

February 16, Anne, relict of the Rev. William Wilson, of Crossgar, Coleraine.

February 19, at Shot Hall, Fermoy, Jane, relict of William Cole, aged 85 years.

February 21, at Ferrybank, county Wexford, aged 90, Margaret, relist of Patrick Furlong, Esq.

February 21, of gastric fever, Mary, daughter of Robert Forde, Durrow, Queen's County.

February 22, at Erne Hill, county Cavan, George Marshall Knipe.

February 25, suddenly, at Kinsale, Philip S. Warren, M. D., surgeon of the of the Royal Artillery.

February 25, at Castletown-Berehaven, Florence M'Carthy, Esq., aged 84.

February 26, at Rathpeaton Villa, near Cork, Richard Thomas.

February 27, at Linkerstown, county Carlow, James Joseph, infant son of Daniel Kinsella

February 27, at his residence, Kilbealice, Co. Kildare, Cornelius Hannan.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The market was less buoyant for common grades of State and Western, while prices in some cases were rather easier. Good to prime grades of extra brands were firm and in fair request for domestic use:

Superfine State	$5 45@$5 70
Extra State	6 40@ 6 80
Superfine Western	5 50@ 6 00
Extra Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio	6 50@ 7 50
Extra Genesee	7 00@ 8 00
Canadian extra	6 80@ 7 35
Mixed to straight Southern	6 25@ 6 75
Southern fancy and extra	6 75@ 7 75
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	7 75@ 8 75
Rye flour	3 50@ 4 25
Corn meal	3 75@ 4 40

Canadian flour was heavy and sales small, within the range of our quotations. Southern flour was firm and in good demand. Corn was more active, including fair Western mixed at 88c., yellow Southern, new, at 90c., and white do. at 87@87½c. Of rye sales were made at 90c. Barley was quiet at 65@84c. Oats were in fair request at 58@59c. for State and Western, and at 60@62½c. for Western and Canadian.

Coffee—The market was quiet and sales limited: 53 bags Maracaibo were sold at 11¼c.; 30 do. St. Domingo at 10c.

Hay—Sales of 500 bales were made at 70@75c.

Hides—The market has been languid. The sales show a decline of about ½ ₩ cent from last week's quotations. Importers are not willing sellers at present rates, and do not offer their stock freely. The principal sales have been—Buenos Ayres, in bond, 28c, six months; California, 25c., six months; Maracaibo, 24c., six months; Rio Grande, 27c., six months; dry salted Bahia to arrive, 18c., six months.

Leather—The inquiry is good and prices are firm and unchanged. The stock of desirable leather is much reduced.

Hops—Sales of new were made on a limited scale at 12@17c. for new, and at 3@6c. for old.

Naval Stores—Owing to the advance in freights the market was less buoyant, while no sales of moment were reported; holders, however, continue to ask full prices.

Oils were quiet and sales of all kinds limited, without change of moment in prices.

Wool—There is less doing this week, and we have no sales to report from first hands; quite a dullness is complained of generally. Wools are firmly held, however, and as yet there has been no deviation from last month's prices. Holders are confident of keeping up the present current prices, the stock being light, and some time to elapse before the new crop comes in.

Rice was quiet at 3¾@4¼c.

Seed—Clover was steady but not active. The export demand is light, while the moderate sales making are to the country at 10¼@10¾c. Timothy seed were in fair request.

Teas—At the public sale on Friday there was a good attendance, and the bidding was spirited. The catalogue embraced fair qualities, chiefly greens. Hyson sold at from 21½@49½c.; young hyson at 18@47½c.; hyson skin, 22½c.; gunpowder at 30½@56½c.; imperial at 25½@58½c.; Twankay, 24½@26½c.; souchong at 32½@@36c. Every lot on the catalogue was sold.

Tobacco—The market is rather quiet without alteration in prices. The sales embraced 97 hhds. Kentucky at 10@11c. ₩ lb.; 84 bales Havana, p. t.; 219 bales Yara, p. t.; 62 cases seedleaf, 18@26c. ₩ lb.

Whiskey—Sales of 150@200 bbls. were reported at 28½@29c.

Family Marketing.

Poultry—The supplies of good poultry are light, and the chief quality is from Canada. It comes to market in a frozen condition; and, although rather rough in appearance, it is said to be very good food. Broilers have declined 12c. per pair from last quotations. Capons still continue at a high figure (22c per pound). Game—The game season proper is over, and the supplies at present are very light. Moose, brought from the State of Maine, is rather more plenty, and sells at from 18c. to 23c. per pound. The trade in all kinds of meats is dull. Mutton and veal have slightly advanced in price. Pork and smoked meats remain unchanged. Fresh Fish—The season of Lent has caused the fish dealers to advance their prices; shad is more plenty and rather cheaper. Butter—The wholesale trade is dull, very dull. During the winter a few monopolists attempted to control the market in anticipation of a demand from California and the East, and held their stock at high prices; the demand did not come; on the contrary, the stock that was sent to the former place was sold at ruinous prices. Potatoes—The prices remain unchanged. A contract has just been made by a firm in this city for five thousand barrels, to be delivered in Cincinnati prior to the 20th of May, at $2 25 per bbl., of the common kinds. Vegetables—Bunch radishes, rhubarb, mint and green peas are in market, the latter of rather a poor quality, in fancy lots and at exorbitant prices.

A PICTURE FROM IRISH HISTORY.

[*From the Nation.*]

The foreign papers inform us that M. Muller, the well-known European painter, is painting a scene from Irish history—"The Transportation of a Thousand Irish Girls to the Plantations by Cromwell!" It will, we expect, be an interesting picture, and we hope the artist will exhibit it in this country. Irish history furnishes the materials for many a startling and touching picture. There are stern combats, and fierce raids, and gay revels, and devout pilgrimages to be painted; but if the artist thinks his power lies in portraying human sorrow, in grouping together figures filled with affliction in every look and attitude—if he can well picture the woes of parting from friends and country—if he can transfer wailing and lamentation to his canvas—unfortunately, Ireland is the land to which he should turn for his studies, and the history of Ireland, from the date of the English connection down to the present day, is that from which he should select his subjects.

Though no people in the world love their native land so intensely as the Irish love green Erin, yet from no other country have there been so many banishments and so many flights. The want of "Home rule" and a native Government has made the children of Erin wanderers over the earth; the operations of a foreign Government have made them outcasts. We would suggest to M. Muller a few companion pieces for that he has in hands. The departure of the Irish troops after the siege of Limerick would make an effective picture. "Talk not of grief," says the poet, "till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men," and on that occasion no doubt brave soldiers wept. What a heart-touching sorrow must have been in the face of that great General and true patriot as he left the Irish shores, who afterwards in a foreign land exclaimed, as he lay wounded on the earth and looked at his life-blood flowing—"Oh! that this were for Ireland!" Who shall paint that scene with that true hero, that valiant warrior, yet loving and faithful-hearted son of Ireland, in the midst of it? Then there are the dark scenes of '47—the crazy and ill-conditioned emigrant ships flapping their soiled wings in the harbor, and the shrieking crowds of poverty-stricken people taking their way from the shore to the vessels which were soon to be little more than floating coffins; or later still, coming down to the present moment, there is the flight of a thousand of the afflicted peasants from Gweedore!

What a sad lot has been that of the Irish race—what a bitter enemy it is that has come amongst them—how pertinaciously the design of their destruction has been, and is being, followed out! Into the remotest corners of the earth they have been banished, or they have fled from their enemies—fled to escape, sometimes the edge of the sword, but when that was not actually in every-day use, then fled to escape from the no less fatal operation of "the law." Their bones whiten in every part of the world, on the mountains and under the sea; they have perished in wretchedness and misery in the streets or in the pest-houses of strange cities; they have fallen in the deserts, and in the haunts of wild men. No picture can tell the story of that race. M. Muller may paint effectively "the Transportation of a Thousand Irish Girls by Cromwell," but his pencil cannot tell all the horrors that belong to the proceeding. It will not inform the beholder that upwards of eighty thousand of the Irish people were so "exported" by the English invader to Barbadoes and other of the West India islands—that those islands were at the time peopled by ferocious savages—and that in six years after that event not twenty persons were living out of the eighty thousand!

To-day the Irish people are still flying from their own country, though in it there is ample room for them—though its soil is fruitful, and its skies are genial, and nature shows them no hostility. Shall this thing go on forever? Shall the painter turn to Ireland only when he wants to picture scenes of sorrow? Shall the poet find nothing but complaints to be sung for Erin? Shall we never again have news to tell that we need not be ashamed to let the nations hear? Shall we never more make a bright and glorious picture for the history of our race and country?

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—A man five feet six inches high on the sea shore, or on level ground, can see about three miles. The gipsies preserve their family color in every part of Europe, and the Jews preserve the same complexion, though dispersed for 2,000 years all over the world. The human body consists of 240 bones, 9 kinds of articulations or joinings, 100 cartilages and ligaments, 400 muscles and tendons, 100 nerves, &c. The skeleton of a man weighs from 12 to 16lbs., and the blood 27 to 28lbs. There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare weighing 24lbs. A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, in the horse but a four-hundredth. Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life. One-fourth of the deaths in London are from consumption, and one-eighth of the deaths arise from drinking spirituous liquors. The small pox originated in China, 1120 years B. C.; inoculation was invented for it about 590 years A. C. Forbes states that the Europeans who die in India are, to those who return, as 82 to 1. Richter enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eye.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

STATE OF COMMERCE.—A Paris letter has the following: "Commercial affairs in France are now confined to operations from day to day, nor is it probable that any reaction will take place until the question of peace or war shall be decided. Among the towns which have suffered severely by this want of confidence, Orleans is described as being still under the effects of financial catastrophes which had occurred there, and which amount, it is said, to 12,000,000f. Not only have a great number of private families suffered by bankruptcies, but several extensive commercial establishments, not being prepared to meet the unexpected demands made on them in consequence of the panic caused by the previous failures, have been compelled to file their schedules in the Bankruptcy Court, with the hope, however, of being enabled at no distant period to come to an arrangement with their creditors." The *Journal des Actionnaries* contains an article on the uneasiness which prevails in the minds of persons in business, in consequence of the present state of uncertainty as to war or peace. It says: "It is impossible to deny that the present uncertainty of affairs weighs heavily on every kind of business, and that the most serious undertakings connected with commerce and manufactures are paralyzed by vague apprehensions as to the future. We affirm unhesitatingly that war itself would be infinitely preferable to the prolongation of the present uncertainty, as when once a situation is clearly defined every man makes up his mind to make the best of it. Commercial men, if one channel is closed, seek out another, and in the end affairs resume, in a certain measure, their equilibrium; but the unknown—the uncertain, is what is terrible, for then the whole machinery of the commercial world is at once brought to a stand-still."

THE CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* contains three decisions of the Minister of War. The first fixes the sum to be paid by the young men comprised in the contingent of the class of 1858 for obtaining substitutes at 2,000f. The second names the sums to be paid to soldiers re-enlisting, and to those who, after having been liberated from service, re-enter it as volunteers. Re-enlistments for seven years will give a right to a sum of 1,800f., of which 500f. are to be paid at the moment of incorporation; 300f. either at the same piriod or during the course of service, according as the council of administration of the regiment may decide, and 1,000f. at the expiration of the term, and during the time of service to the higher pay of 10c. per day. Re-enlistments for less than seven years will give a right to 180f. for each year, 50f. payable at the time, 30f. during the course of service, and 100f. at the end of the term, as well also as to the pay of 10c. per day. Voluntary enlistments, after liberation from service, will have a right to the advantages of the preceding stipulations. The third decree fixes the sum to be paid by soldiers now in the ranks who wish to retire at 400f. for each year unexpired of their term of service.

JOAN OF ARC.—The Marquis d'Azeglio, Sardinian Minister in London, has just presented to the town of Orleans some tapestry, bought by him last year at Lucerne, representing the arrival of Jeanne d'Arc at the Castle of Chinon. The Historical Museum of Orleans, informed of the acquisition of M. d'Azeglio, proposed to buy it, offering him 600 francs, the only sum the Museum could then dispose of for this purchase. Early in the present month the Marquis d'Azeglio replied to the director of the Orleans Museum, that he consented to the bargain, on condition that the 600 francs should be distributed to the poor of Orleans, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Clotilde of Savoy with Prince Napoleon. In consequence, the curious tapestry, at this moment placed at the Hotel Clany, is to be removed to Orleans, to which Joan of Arc will thus more than once have given good fortune.

CAPTURE OF AN EAGLE.—A magnificent eagle was captured the other day at Chalons-sur-Saone. The bird had been observed in the neighborhood for some few days, attracting much attention by its immense size, but never coming sufficiently near anybody for its identity to be determined. At last a sportsman sallied out, laid in wait some time, and succeeded in getting a shot at the huge stranger. He then rushed forward to secure his prize; but the eagle being only slightly wounded, would not yield. A struggle, which lasted half an hour, took place, when two woodmen came up, and the bird was secured. It was found to measure eight feet from wing to wing. The feathered prisoner is now the object of much attention in the neighborhood.

LOSSES TO FRENCH SHIPPING.—The *Debats* offers an account of the shipping losses sustained by France in 1858: "This fatal year witnessed the loss by shipwreck, fire, collision, and other causes, of 444 French vessels. Of these 103 were engaged in long voyages; the remainder were employed in the coasting trade; this proves that the navigation of the coast is far more perilous than that of the high seas. Our total loss during the last seven years amounts to 2,973 vessels, of which 126 have never been heard of."

The Paris *Presse*, of the 26th Feb., says: "In the Irish press a general feeling prevails that a collision in Italy is at hand. It can be readily conceived that the inhabitants of Ireland, *a country so cruelly tried*, should feel their hearts bound with joy at the idea of a war of independence being waged in any part of Europe."

The nephew of King Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia, who is on his way to France to pay his respects to the Emperor Napoleon, arrived at Alexandria on the 24th ult., with a suite of 25 persons. He brings with him some presents for the Emperor of the French, among which are a cloak made of a lion's skin; a Damask sabre, the hilt of which is of gold studded with brilliants; two gold bracelets enriched with diamonds; a black carpet of goatskin bordered with gold, with the cipher of King Theodore at each corner; and other articles of value.

A letter from Paris, inserted in the *Nouvelliste de Rouen*, gives a melancholy account of the condition of M. de Tocqueville, the celebrated writer. His illness had assumed a most alarming character, and his medical advisers have recommended him to go to Nice, hoping that the southern climate will operate beneficially on his shattered health. His strength is completely exhausted, and though his intellect is said to remain unimpaired, yet he has sunk into a state of taciturn languor.

Marshal Baraguay D'Hilliers at Nantes, recently made a distribution of St. Helena medals to the old soldiers of the Empire. Among the number was a woman named Jeanne Louise Antonini, who has served in male attire ten years in the navy, and fifteen years in the infantry, where she attained the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the 70th regiment of the line. She received nine wounds while bravely fighting!

M. Muller is painting "The Transportation of a Thousand Irish Girls to the Plantations by Cromwell;" and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur is busy with a picture of "Highland Drovers," to match her picture of the "Pyrenean Muleteers."

Eleven flat-bottomed small French war steamers, having one heavy swivel gun each and protection to men and gun from shot, are being built at Ciorat, near Marseilles.

M. de la Guerroniere has received the sum of 10,000 francs for his little pamphlet, "Napoleon III. and Italy," from the publisher, M. Didot.

ENGLAND.

SINGULAR ROBBERY BY RATS.—A leather purse, says the Newcastle *Daily Express*, containining 13 sovereigns, a £5-note, and some silver, was discovered to have been stolen from a place in which it had been put for safety in the shop of the Misses Ripon. The Misses Ripon reside at the Windmill Hills, Gateshead, and before leaving the shop at night they had placed the purse containing the money in a box underneath one of the counters, imagining that it would there elude the search of all depredators, should any, in their nocturnal rambles, visit the premises. The key of the shop is entrusted to a servant girl, who opens it in the morning. She on the following day attended to her work as usual. When the Misses Ripon arrived, however, to their astonishment the purse was gone, and for some time its disappearance was a mystery. At length it was suggested that probably the rats might have removed it. A search was made, and although the boards of the floor were taken up, as also those of the adjoining shop, belonging to Mr. Pigg, no clue was found to the missing property until Friday, when it was discovered safely lodged underneath the passage of Miss Jeffrey, which lies between the two shops. With the exception of a little having been nibbled off one corner of the purse, the owners received back the full amount they had so curiously lost.

LOLA MONTEZ.—As Lola Montez was delivering a lecture on the "Comic Aspects of Fashion," in the Concert Room, York, quite "a scene" occurred, from a circumstance which arrested her attention among her audience. Suddenly she paused and cast a withering glance at a person who occupied one of the reserved seats. That glance was accompanied with an exclamation of surprise and sorrow, that she should, for the first time during the delivery of her lectures, have been insulted by a "fashionable man," who, she said, must not behave in that way, as that was a respectable audience. This well-timed rebuke was heartily applauded, and reiterated calls were made for the fashionable man to be expelled from the room, but he being no ordinary individual, the policeman at the outside kept his station, and the "gentleman" was allowed to remain. But few persons could see what the insult consisted of; it is said, however, that the tip of the offending party's thumb had come in contact with his nasal organ. It is probably owing to the above occurrence that a crowd afterwards assembled, and lustily cheered Lola Montez on her way from the hall.

A NOVEL CHIMNEY-SWEEP.—A curious freak of "Reynard the Fox" occurred recently, at Dursley. Sir M. Berkeley's hounds met at Kingcote and having found, the fox made away, skirting the hill right into the town of Dursley. Here he got on the roof of a shed, and, rising gradually from roof to roof, at last gained the top of a house lately occupied as a pawnshop, and "popped" himself down the chimney into the interior. Having rested *perdu* for some time, the hounds being at fault though close at his lair, he mounted the chimney, took a survey from the top, and, seeing the hounds in a neighboring court yard, he made off in an opposite direction, completely transformed in color. Unfortunately, his escape was soon discovered, and after running about a mile from the town, he dropped from sheer exhaustion, and surrendered his "brush," which was black from its novel employment in chimney-sweeping.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

FALL FROM DOVER CLIFF.—On Thursday, Feb. 17, a little boy about nine years of age, son of the armorer-sergeant of the 60th Rifles, while playing on the edge of the cliff immediately in front of the miltary skittle-ground, over-balanced himself and fell. Although the precipice is nearly 300 feet high, it has by different falls lost its perpendicular, or rather at the depth of seventy feet from the summit, forms an inclined plane. The velocity of the boy's fall was thus broken, but he afterwards rolled down to the garden in the rear of Mr. Tharp's house in Snargate street. He was immediately taken to the Military Hospital, and is under the skilful care of the surgeon of that establishment, doing well. Strange to say, no bones were either broken or dislocated, and the little fellow escaped with a slight scalp wound, and bruises.—*Dover Castle.*

A PROLIFIC WIFE.—The wife of a journeyman carpenter, named William Parsons, residing in Scotland street, Brighton, gave birth recently to twins—a fine girl and a boy. On the 24th of March, 1857, this good women presented her husband with a triplet of a girl and two boys, "all alive." On the 25th of September, 1855, she had "only twins." On the 15th of May, 1854, her compliment was but a single. On the 26th of October, 1852, twins were her quantity. On the 18th of May, 1851, a single. On the 15th of September, 1849, the first blessing of their union, a single. Thus, in the space of nine years, five months, and ten days, twelve children have formed their marriage portion—the last three births making an addition of seven to their family.

DEATH OF HARRY HIEOVER.—We have to report the death, at Brighton, of C. Bindley, Esq., better known by his non de plume, "Harry Hieover." This gentleman has so long been a favorite among sportsmen, and particularly with the readers of the *Field*, as a writer on various subjects connected with the horse, that it would be a work of supererogation for us to say one word in his praise. We can only hope that the vacancy left by him in the annals of sporting literature may speedily be as efficiently filled. Mr. Bindley has left a widow, very slenderly provided for, to deplore his loss. —*The Field.*

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.—The Secretary of State for War in a circular states: "It having been represented that in some instances soldiers of the Catholic denomination prefer prayer-books and testaments bound separately, instead of in one volume, officers in command of regiments and depots are for the future to state in their annual requisitions whether they are desirous of receiving these books in one volume or in two."

Upwards of 650 periodicals of various classes are published in London, according to a catalogue for 1858. Since the appearance of the catalogue for 1858, there have been no less than 150 new publications issued in London, and at least as many discontinued. The number of the different classes are as follows: 207 newspapers; 352 monthlies; 66 quarterlies; 31 transactions of societies.

A movement is on foot to surround the tombstone of Byron, at Harrow, with a neat iron railing, and subscriptions are asked for the purpose. It seems that the vandalism of unscrupulous persons in chipping off pieces of the tomb has been carried so far that a very considerable portion of the inscription is now deficient.

Great excitement prevails at Stafford and Northampton in consequence of the intention of immediately applying machinery to the manufacture of boots.

Of the suicides in London, during 1858, 9 were by gunshot wounds, 60 by other wounds, 36 by drowning, 76 by hanging, 44 by poison, and 13 in other ways.

The Australian trade of Liverpool has been declining very considerably this long time past.

The 8th is one of the regiments in India under order to return home.

SCOTLAND.

CAUTION TO LADIES.—We (Glasgow *Bulletin*) have been shown a portion of the cord sold as crinoline for stuffing petticoats, after seeing which we are really not at all astonished that so many melancholy accidents from fire should have occurred to ladies wearing this fashion. The articles used in this case to give a large circumference to the dress was neither steel nor horse hair, but had the appearance of cord which had been rendered stiff by being subjected to some peculiar process. Upon examination, it was found that this was an old artillery match or fusee, which had been probably purchased cheap at some sale of spoiled military stores on account of its being damp. A light was applied to a portion of the crinoline in our office, and it burned rapidly away, the powder making a greater explosion and blaze than is caused by an ordinary squib.

NEVER DESPAIR.—On the evening of the day after St. Valentine, a pensioner in Cowane street, Stirling, named David Buchan, aged 75 years, was united in the bonds of wedlock with Mary Bell, aged 73 years, making the united ages of the fair bride and gallant bridegroom no less than 148 years! This is the second wife for the bold son of Mars, and the third time Mary Bell has passed through the trying ordeal of the marriage ceremony.

Upwards of 1,000 rifles, picked up in the Crimea, and chiefly belonging to the Guards, have lately arrived at Stirling from London, and been lodged in the Armory there.

The Aberdeen *Herald* states that twenty thousand tons of salmon were sent from the northern fishings to the London markets last season.

ITALY.

The Italian Exiles of '48.—In the present state of Italy it is important to ask where are the Italian exiles of the Red Revolution? A well informed French paper, the *Memorial Diplomatique*, says: "An English Catholic Bishop who left Rome days ago, and who has just arrived in Paris, having traversed a great part of Italy in order to embark at Genoa, states that all the refugees from various parts of that country, in consequence of the events of 1848, are now reunited in Italy, where they are endeavoring to get up a *coup de main*. The English papers also state as a fact that the Italian refugees who were in England have left for Italy."

Modena.—A letter from Sazzana in the *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, states that some Modenese dragoons, having had a dispute with a Sardinian subject, on the frontier of the two States, at length arrested him on Piedmontese ground. Some sportsmen, it is added, came up, and, after vainly endeavoring to obtain the release of the man by fair means, fired upon the dragoons, who returned the fire, and made off with the prisoner. No person was wounded.

Florence.—In one of the largest theatres at Florence, the opera of *Masaniello* is now being performed, and the people applaud vehemently, so that in some of the revolutionary scenes the shouts and gesticulations are deafening. Everything is at the present time taken hold of, and used as a pretext for a demonstration against the foreigners.

The Pope and the Pamphlet.—The Pope, it is said, intends publishing a manifesto, in which the statements of the pamphlet *Napoleon III. et l'Italie* with reference to the Roman States and the temporal power of the Papacy are to be refuted.

All who are interested in the poetic work of the great founder of modern literature, Dante Alighieri, and they are numerous in Europe, will be glad to learn that the commentaries of Francesco Buti on the Divine Comedy have at length been given to the world. These commentaries were composed towards the end of the 14th century in the University of Pisa, and are now published from a very exact manuscript copy.—*Bulletin.*

A despatch from Turin says: "Madlle. Victoire Balfe made her appearance at the Theatre Regio, as Amina, in the *Somnambula*, with the most brilliant success. At the end of each act she was called three times before the footlights

A letter from Milan states that the Iron Crown has been transferred from Monza to Mantua.

SPAIN.

Some sensation had been caused by a somewhat disagreeable affair at Corunna. The captain-general of that province some time ago gave directions to the commander of the fort of San Antonio not to allow any vessels to leave which had not obtained a regular order. An English vessel, the Gibraltar, resolved to leave without one. She was told to stop, but did not obey; some musket shots were fired at her, but she took no notice; at last a cannon was fired to make her bring to, and on that she stopped, complied with the formality of obtaining an order, and left.

The *Gazette* of the 17th ult. is nearly filled with addresses to the Queen from Cuba, energetically protesting against any purchase of the island by the United States.

The Queen has signed the decree relative to the Hispano-American Exhibition of 1862.

RUSSIA.

The War Question.—A circular despatch, issued by the Russian government, dwells upon the hope that peace will not be interrupted, and alludes to the joint efforts of Prussia and England to maintain it. It expresses its conviction that Austria will lend a willing hand to a diplomatic solution of the difficulties. Of the state of affairs in Central Italy, Prussia, says the circular, while performing her functions as an European power, will nevertheless fulfil her duties as a member of the German Confederation.

The Theatre du Cirque at St. Petersburg has been destroyed by fire. Nothing remains of this splendid building but the bare walls. The theatre was originally intended for equestrian performances, but soon became devoted to the Russian opera and to German comedies. There had been a *bal masque* in the building, as on the occasion of the fire at Covent Garden. When the masqueraders left, at four o'clock in the morning, no signs of fire or smoke were visible. An hour afterwards, the roof fell in in one body of flame. All the costumes, the scores of the operas, and the instruments of the musicians were destroyed.

A lady made a complaint to Nicholas of Russia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," replied the Emperor. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

Belgian literature has sustained a severe loss by the early death of Jean Joseph Marie Lelong. He perished by shipwreck on his homeward voyage from Brazil, whither he had been sent on a scientific mission by the Belgian government. Lelong had travelled most extensively. Besides going over every part of Europe, he had visited America, Africa, China and Japan. Fortunately his valuable collections and papers have been saved.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Smith O'Brien in Richmond, Va.—This renowned Irish patriot and accomplished gentleman leaves Richmond this morning *en route* southward, as he intends being in Charleston on St. Patrick's Day next. He will not remain in Petersburg, but will spend one night in Wilmington, N. C. As far as he had an opportunity of investigating things and places in Richmond, he has been much pleased with our social, moral, political, and progressive condition. On Friday evening, after a select dinner party at Captain P. T. Moore's, Mr. O'Brien made a brief address to the crowd assembled in front of the house to hear and see him. His remarks were highly complimentary to this country which he visits for the first time, and tended to encourage his countrymen in the United States to persevere nobly, honorably and constantly, in the fair path of progress laid out for all citizens of this Republic. After Mr. O'Brien retired, Mr. John Mitchel was called for, and, only assuming to be a secondary star, informed his friends that he was now, nevertheless, one of our "institutions." Governor Wise was next called for and gave a brief address, politically and socially pertinent to the occasion, which was enthusiastically cheered. Mayor Mayo also spoke strongly in favor of civil and religious liberty to all sects, creeds and politics. After the Mayor, short appropriate speeches were made by Counsellor William F. Watson, Colonel August, and Captain Moore—after which the crowd collected round the house retired. On Saturday, Mr. O'Brien was escorted to see the sights of Richmond, with its monuments, tobacco factories, and its flour mills. In the afternoon a magnificent dinner was prepared by his friends at the Exchange Hotel. This banquet was most stylishly prepared under the supervision of Mr. Ballard and his attentive aids, and gave general satisfaction. At 5 o'clock, P. M., the party, numbering between thirty and forty, sat down to table, and from that moment until 11, P. M., the hours rolled rapidly. It was one of those happy convivial parties in which joy always leads the chase, while panting care vainly pursues and sorrow lags behind. During the evening many sentiments were appropriately expressed, and many a toast complimentary to "the sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green" given, as well as laudatory to the men that bore and wore them. Owing to indisposition, Governor Wise did not attend. Among the gentlemen who, on the occasion, entertained the gathering with speeches or songs, were Mr. O'Brien, John Mitchel, Esq., Judge Pitts, James Lyons, Esq., Col. Thomas P. August, Counsellor Watson, M. Butler, John Dooley, Captain Moore, Wm. Hurley, J. A. Pleasants, Dr. Tucker, J. P. Kavanagh, E. McAdam, John Purcell, Frank Potts, &c., &c. The tenor of all, speeches and songs, was that such a festival might be a remembrance of the spring-time of hope and a commemoration of heroic faith and patriotic devotion.—*Richmond Enquirer, March 15th.*

The Mental and Moral Character of the Irish.—On this subject Henry Giles, Esq., delivered a lecture lately in Chicago, at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The Chicago *Daily Times*, speaking of the talented lecturer, pays him the following compliment which is no less true than it is deserved: "In himself, the lecturer is an instance of the force, abruptness and brilliancy of the Irish mind. He has few equals in the Lyceum hall, either in the sterling character of his views or in impassioned eloquence. Full of the wit, pathos and poetry that have made his native land immortal, he is also possessed of the lofty, brave temper that would have taught her 'not a beggar's eloquence in position, but a hero's truth in strife.' Everywhere he has been greeted with the most vivid enthusiasm, not only by his own countrymen, but by every class honoring intellect and eloquence." While Mr. Giles has been delighting our citizens East and West, as well as our Canadian neighbors, with the magic of his fine intellect and splendid eloquence, it is singular that we, in New York, have been denied the pleasure of listening to so distinguished a public speaker. We hope, however, that this want will not be suffered to continue, but that, before long, we will have the felicity of listening to those words of burning eloquence and truth which invariably fall from his lips.

Ancient Coins.—Three interesting copper coins have been submitted to our inspection, all of them old, and one of a high antiquity. The first and oldest is a coin of Marcus Agrippa, a distinguished Roman general under Augustus Cæsar, and, by marriage, his nephew. On the obverse is the inscription "Cos III," indicating the date of the coin, 27 years before Christ, when Agrippa was made third time Consul, and married Marcella, the Emperor's niece. On the reverse are the two letters "S. C.," implying "by consent of the Senate." The coin next in point of age is one of Heraclins I, and of his son, Emperor of the Eastern Empire. It is inscribed with "Con," meaning Constantinople, of which Heraclius became master in 610 after Christ, and "Anno IIII," meaning no doubt in the fourth year of his power, or 614 after Christ, the same year in which Jerusalem was taken by the Persians, and two years after Mahomed published the Koran. The third and latest in the date of these relics of a far gone past is a coin of Romanus the Second of the Eastern Empire, in some year after Christ between 959, when Romanus ascended the throne, and 963, when he was succeeded by Nicophorus II.—*National Intel.*

Funeral of Mr. Lawrence Murray.—Lawrence Murray, who met his death by the sad accident at St. Mary's Church, Oswego, was borne to the grave with Military honors. The procession moved from the residence of the deceased and proceeded to St. Paul's Church, where the last rites of the Church were read, and a funeral sermon preached by one of the Missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Smulders. These ceremonies ended, the procession proceeded to the Catholic Cemetery, headed by the Sax Horn Band. The procession was very imposing and attractive, and, including the long line of carriages, was at least a mile in length. Hundreds of persons were on the streets to witness the procession, and accompanied it to the Church. The whole of the Military of the city, including the Staff Officers and the Fire Department, turned out in numbers and made a fine display. The Oswego Guards, of which the deceased was a member, followed the hearse, and was the only company that bore arms. There were six pall-bearers, two from the Oswego Guards, two from the Fire Department and two other friends of the deceased. Mr. Murray was a higly respected citizen, and the circumstances attending his death were such as to enlist the strongest feelings and warmest demonstrations of last honors of his friends.—*Oswego Commercial Times.*

Death of the Oldest Man in Pennsylvania.—In Fairview Township, Butler County, died on the 27th ult., Timothy Sweeny, aged 122 years. Mr. Sweeny was born in the year 1737, in Carahan, parish of Ardfert, county Kerry, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1837, being then one hundred years old. The subject of this notice was never known to have had an hour's sickness, even up to the very day of his death, but was always remarkably stout and healthy, having the full use of all his faculties to the last, with a delicacy of hearing and a quickness of perception that was really miraculous in one who had journeyed so far beyond the allotted bounds of earthly existence. His last day on earth was spent, as usual, at the genial fireside of his daughter, Mrs. Nolan, surrounded by admiring and affectionate grandchildren, and nothing occurred to warn them that in the sleep of the coming night the patriarch was to sink silently and at once into the deeper slumber of the grave.—*Pittsfield Post.*

Learn a Trade.—Under the delusive idea that a trade is not so respectable as a mercantile occupation, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditure. Too late in life they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic whom, in their days of boyhood, they were accustomed to deride. The false views which prevail in the "soi-disant" fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

A Statue of Franklin. — The movement to erect a monument to Washington, in our city, suggests a similar memorial to Franklin. His grave has long lain quiet in the very midst of our city; and while Boston has testified its regard for the memory of the philosopher and statesman by the erection of his statue, Philadelphia still consents to her reproach and his neglect. The square which bears his name cannot boast of a copy of the original, and the city which he honored, the State which he represented, is too "poor to do reverence" to its greatest man and citizen. But, we suppose, a fame like his can afford to wait for a pedestal. —*Ibid.*

Niagara in Winter.—The cataract of Niagara is ever attractive in winter, the ice-bridge across the river and the frozen spray upon the trees adding to the natural grandeur of the summer scene. It is now more than usually attractive, even for winter, and crowds of people are being drawn thither from Buffalo, Rochester and other cities.

To Relieve Cattle when Choked.—A very simple and effectual method of relieving cattle when choked by eating roots or otherwise, is to cause the animal repeatedly to jump. The effort of jumping will cause it to either swallow the obstruction or throw it up. Cattle have been saved by this method, when all others have failed.

Illinois.—In consequence of the failure of the Legislature of Illinois, at its late session, to make the necessary appropriations for the support of the State government, it is stated that Governor Bissell feels himself under obligation to call an extra session of the Legislature, which will be convened some time previous to July.

True.—It is a Chinese maxim, that for every man who does not work, and for every woman idle, somebody must suffer cold and hunger.

The last Congress passed one salutary act. It purports to repeal the act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to change the names of vessels. Under the law thus repealed a very serious evil had grown up. Old and unseaworthy vessels were patched up, and sent to sea under new names, to the great risk of life and property, and several calamitous shipwrecks have been attributed to this practice.

A man died lately of small pox, at the corner of Franklin and Willoughby avenues, Brooklyn. Late in the evening, the family of the deceased placed the sheets and bedding on which the deceased died in the yard. During the night some thief passed the house, saw the articles, and stole them.

The Gettsburgh, Pa., *Compiler* gives an account of the loss of a little boy, four years of age, a son of Mr. Oyler, of Cumberland County. He strayed from home, and the whole neighborhood started out on the search, scouring the surrounding mountain through the day and displaying lighted torches after night. After two days and nights, the dead body of the little fellow was discovered nearly nine miles from his home. The *Compiler* then adds: "The little dog, which had been the child's playmate, and which had accompanied him on his long and fatal journey, was found nestled in the child's bosom, with his head reclining on his cold and lifeless form. The faithful dog had tramped quite a path around the lifeless body of the sleeping innocent, thus betraying the affection of the youth, and in its fond caresses had licked back the hair of the child's forehead. The corpse was conveyed home to its weeping mother, who, under the peculiarly afflicting circumstances, was almost frantic with grief."

The following are the euphonious names of the Chiefs of the Yancton or Dacotah tribe of Indians with whom our Government has recently made a treaty: Pa-la-ne-a-*pa*-pe, the man that was struck by the Ree. Ma-to-sa-be *che*-a, the smutty bear. Charles F. Picotee, Eta-ke-cha. Ta-ton-ka-*wete*-co, the crazy bill. Pse-cha-wa-*kea*, the jumping thunder. Ma-ra-*ha*-ton, the iron horn. Nombe-kah-pah, one that knocks down two. Ta-ton-ka-e-yah-ka, the fast bull. A-ha-ka-na-zhe, the standing elk. A-ha-ka-ho-che-cha, the elk with a bad voice. Cha-ton-wo-ka-pa, the grabbing hawk. E-ha-we-cha sha, the owl man. Pla-son-wa-*kan-na-ge*, the white medicine cow that stands. Ma-ga-scha-*che*-ka, the little white swan. Oke *che*-la-wash-ta, the pretty boy.

A shoe-pegging machine has recently been invented in Massachusetts. Its operation is described as very simple. The shoe, fitted on a last ready for pegging, was placed in an iron frame or jack, attached to the machine, and borne up against it by the hand of the operator. The machine, being then put in rapid motion, seized hold of the shoe, gave it a rapid turn or two, and then after a few seconds of rattling and clattering, off came the brogan, with the sole firmly pegged.

On the 2d instant, Mr. Robert Barnett, of Lincoln County, Kentucky, manumitted the entire number of slaves owned by him. They were, an old negro and his wife, with their children and grandchildren, all of one family, eighteen together. Mr. Barnett is seventy years old, and having sufficient property to support him comfortably through his remaining years, he carried out his long cherished plan of freeing his negroes from servitude. On the day before he was offered $20,000 for them.

If a bill now before the Ohio legislature passes that body, we shall have no more Ohio Congressmen elected by negro votes. The bill provides that judges of election shall reject all votes of persons of African descent, and that any such persons voting shall be punished by imprisonment. Persons advising negroes to vote are also subject to a penalty.

Moved to indignation by a recent fight in the Indiana Senate, a member offered a resolution, providing that none of his associates should be permitted to carry weapons in the Senate Chamber, on penalty of expulsion. The resolution was rejected by a vote of 30 to 9.

"The world is governed too much." The Milwaukee *News* says that Gov. Randall has signed 87 bills passed by the Wisconsin legislature the present session. There are 250 bills yet pending.

We find the following matrimonial announcement in an exchange: "In Granville County, N. C., by Rev. Elijah Hester, Mr. James Brogden, the father of eighteen children, to Miss Mary Cash, all of Granville."

Phrenology is a great science. Two of its professors in Chicago have recently examined the head of Jumpertz, who murdered Sophia Werner, and both pronounce benevolence to be his predominating characteristic.

Col. Fremont's great work is announced for publication in London, in May. It is entitled "Narrative of Explorations and Adventures in Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, and California. By Colonel John Charles Fremont.

A man named Charles Reed, who was on board the Central America at the time she was wrecked, and was picked up after floating upon a piece of timber twelve hours, was recently burned to death in his cabin in California.

With four metallic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of worldly success—they are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

General Urquiza, the President of the Argentine Confederation, has an estate of about 100 miles above Buenos Ayres, on which he has 70,000 sheep, 40,000 cattle, and 2,000 horses.

Robert Hervey, a gentleman in the legal profession in Chicago, has dramatized "The Life of Robert Burns," so arranged as to introduce many of the poet's most admired songs.

There is an old gentleman living near Highstown, N. J.—Mr. Robert Ayres—who has had 24 children—19 now living. His grandchildren number 57.

Seven young men in Auburn, whose parents are all wealthy, have been arrested on a charge of setting fire to buildings.

A bill to prohibit the marriage of white and black persons has passed the Wisconsin legislature.

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 350,000.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG AMERICAN, Memphis, Tenn.—There is no lack of so-called "Manuals of Politeness," but they are, in our opinion, unmitigated trash. True Politeness must be bred in the man and cannot be taught. The way you enter a room, the manner in which you hold your knife, and how you place your spoon in your tea-cup, have nothing to do with politeness. One may be truly polite and yet do all these things in a contrary manner to that set down in the "Manuals." Frequent the society of respectable females as much as possible; we know no better cure for rudeness or bearishness. If "Young Americans" sought the society of intelligent ladies instead of herding in bands composed entirely of males, they would not be the unbearable monsters they too frequently are.

A SUBSCRIBER, Robbinston, Me.—The *Art of Suffering* has been crowded out by the pressure of important news matter on our columns.

A CATHOLIC, Middletown, Mass.—Your communication will be attended to next week.

Our correspondents will please remember that, according to notice given by us three weeks since, reports of Patrick's Day celebrations which do not reach us in time for publication in our next issue cannot receive insertion.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1859.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH, 1859.

THE celebration of the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint on Thursday of the past week was everything that the most enthusiastic sympathizer with Ireland and the Irish race could desire. The weather, which is usually unpropitious to the anniversary celebrations of both Washington and St. Patrick, seemed to have been borrowed for the occasion from an European May. The fineness of the day was a doubly favorable omen. To some it augured that the mists and fogs of prejudice and bigotry which shrouded the haloed figure of the Irish Apostle in the view of but too many in this land, were fast being dispelled, that a day would come when they would entirely disappear, and when no American would be too ignorant or too bigoted to comprehend the character of St. Patrick and the astonishing mission he performed. To others, the balmy, sun-bright day, while it seemed to give a promise that Spring was, in the time to come, to become a part of our climate, was an augury of the bright future which yet awaits the old Island whose anniversary her sons were celebrating in the commercial emporium of the New World.

The scene in our principal streets before and during the passage of the procession was sufficient to show the most casual observer what a power the Irish are in our midst. It is well for the peace of the city that the Irish are, as a class, among the most law-abiding of our citizens. If they were actuated by the same feelings as the miserable conglomeration of Nativism and Orangeism which maligns them with united effort, it is hard to say what would be the consequence. But strong in their attachment to right and principle, and conscious of their own strength they let the curs of fanaticism bark on unheeded. How often have malicious individuals, counting on the natural excitability of the Irish, endeavored, by patent insult or studied slight, to goad them into a breach of the peace that they might subsequently drag them before a partizan court and gratify their cowardly malignity with safety to themselves, those who have marched with Irish regiments or Irish societies, in great popular manifestations, in this city, can tell.

The celebration of last Thursday was the greatest in point of numbers which has ever taken place in this city. It was also as remarkable for the admirable order which prevailed, as for its extent. The Park and the adjacent streets were filled with a vast crowd of citizens of all nationalities, the Irish, of course, being in great majority, and seeming as if they were quite at home. The steps and balcony of the City Hall were thronged with a crowd of respectable citizens of both sexes. That inveterate sight-seer, Young America, occupied a commanding position on the topmost branches of the trees, and his freedom of sight was not interfered with by the only tyrant he is ever likely to know: the Metropolitan Policeman. Those characteristics which mark a great and stated festival were not wanting to prove that the celebration of Patrick's Day has become one of our institutions, and in fact everything and everybody had a festive air. Those for whom the day was a national anniversary, of course, bore countenances particularly radiant and seemed to burn with a desire to share their happiness with all around them. We have seen more than one young Irishman steal quietly aside from a laughing group of compatriots to place his mite in the hands of the blind beggar who stood on the sidewalk mutely appealing to his charity.

And what nobler development of that charity with which the Irish heart overflows could be seen than the general gathering of the societies, both Military and Civic, at the Academy of Music, to present their united offering to Religion in the name of Patriotism and Charity? Well did they deserve the flattering testimony borne by the prelate-orator of the day, to the greatness of the part themselves and their predecessors have taken in building up the Church in the New World,—to the fact that in the Irish lay the great strength of the Catholic edifice in this country.

The reports of the celebration of the day throughout the Country and among our Canadian neighbors are also highly flattering. In most places, the anniversary, as in New York, expressed the three great characteristics of true Irish nature: Religion, Patriotism, Charity. In short, in every respect, the 17th of March, 1859, was a day which Irishmen may ever look back upon with feelings of national pride and unmixed satisfaction.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.

IT was reserved for Athenian Boston, a city which assumes superiority of enlightenment, intelligence, and cultivation, over all its sister cities in the Union, to set them an example of cruel religious intolerance, which is only surpassed by the persecutors of Christians in the pagan regions of Cochin-China. By an anti-constitutional decree of a few ignorant and fanatical petty tyrants organized into a School Committee, it was ordered, in antagonism with the fundamental principles of our federation, that the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer should be recited or chanted by the pupils, as they are written in the Protestant fragmentary version of the Bible. Some days since, as the pupils under the charge of one of the female teachers were engaged in this exercise, the nicely-attuned Protestant ear of the lady teacher detected a want of uniformity, a dissonance, in the chant. This she found to be caused by a number of the children reciting the Commandments and the Prayer according to the Catholic version. On the following day the *majority* of the class informed the lady pedagogue that their parents were willing they should recite the Catholic version, but forbade them to repeat the Protestant variation. The lady informed the sub-master, Cook by name; the sub-master informed the master, and the master informed a School Commissioner. The pupils refusing to yield, Cook suggested that "they had better be turned over to his rattan." A youth named Ward, aged thirteen, was accordingly "turned over" to the brute Cook, by the School Committee, with orders "to enforce obedience." Cook punished the boy with such savage ferocity, that, frightened at the results of his cowardly cruelty, he himself endeavored by bathing the boy's hands in cold water and other means, to reduce the swelling and inflammation produced by the punishment of the rod on the poor child's hands!

But the barbarous means employed to make the boy, Ward, disobey his parents and deny his religion, produced no effect on his schoolmates, who have thus early learned the bitter lesson of persecution for conscience' sake. They were steadfast in their determination, and the School Committee found that the brutal rattan of Cook could not effect anything. A certain Dyer, chairman of the committee, then sent away a hundred of the little recusants from the school, and others, we understand, to the number of two or three hundred, in all, have since left it.

So atrocious are these proceedings on the part of the school-teachers and commissioners, so flagrant is their violation of the great principle of freedom of conscience, so intense is the indignation caused by it, that it is hard to give the feeling adequate expression in words. In Brooklyn we have already seen a public school made a school of bribery and corruption; but Boston has shown one where attempts are made to flog the child into abusing his religion and disobeying his parents.

The action of the people of Boston in this question will test their claim to superiority of enlightenment and intelligence, and show us once for all if it be a well-founded pretension or a sham of the flimsiest description.

OUR REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION.—We call the attention of our readers and of all those who desire to preserve a record of the proceedings on Patrick's Day or to send an account of them to their friends in Ireland, to the completeness of the report given in our pages. Bishop O'Connor's address was reported specially and in full for this paper. The very comprehensive sketch of Father de Luynes' sermon is also the work of a careful hand.

ARTICLES DEFERRED.—We have been obliged to defer the publication of editorial articles, already in type, to make room for the letter of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbisop Hughes. Our reports of Patrick's Day Celebrations have also crowded out a number of communications and interesting correspondence, among which is the weekly letter of our Dublin Correspondent.

SWEET SENSIBILITY.—Our attic cotemporary, the Boston *Post*, makes the following palpable hit:

"Sweet sensibility, oh la!" The New York *Express* is shocked because somebody has called John Bull "a bloody old bruiser." "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!"

AN ADDITIONAL PAGE AND A HALF OF READING MATTER.—The present issue of the TABLET contains a *page and a half of additional reading matter.*

PERSONAL.—All letters and communications for the Rev. M. Downey, late of Milwaukie, Wis., should be addressed to him at Elba, Danvill P. O., Dodge Co., Wis., where he is now stationed.

DIED.

In Brooklyn, at her residence, 175 Fulton street, on Wednesday, March 9th, Mrs. MARGARET HAYES, in the 65th year of her age. *May she rest in peace!*

A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased lady was celebrated at the Church of the Assumption by Rev. Mr. Keegan. The funeral discourse was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, who paid a high tribute to the virtues of the deceased. Among the pall bearers at the funeral were the Hon. George Hall and Postmaster Peck. Mrs. Hayes was universally beloved and respected by a numerous circle of acquaintances in Brooklyn and elsewhere. Not the least encomium that can be passed upon her life is to say that, left a widow many years since, she has, by her untiring industry, supported and educated in a highly respectable manner a large and interesting family.

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1859.

A document well calculated to produce surprise and affliction in the minds of the Catholic people appeared in the *Herald* of this morning. It was signed "Alfred J. Dayman, Missionary Apostolic," and "Frederick Ferdinand Des Camps, Parochus." In this document these unhappy priests have renounced their allegiance to the Catholic Church by repudiating and denouncing the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese. They have incurred irregularity. They have announced their intention to "discharge the functions of the priesthood, protected by the civil law." Of course they have incurred suspension, *ipso facto*, by this announcement, and Catholics cannot be present or aid in their sacrilegious ministry without involving themselves, individually, in the same spiritual censure of irregularity.

It is not my intention to enter into any refutation of the charges made against me in the document to which I have just referred. But I deem it a duty of charity to make the public acquainted with the simple facts of the case, so long as they bear upon the external relations that have subsisted between these two priests and myself. The ecclesiastical portions of the question, and the measures which I have felt it my duty as a prelate of the Church to adopt in their regard, is not a matter for discussion in the public press. But the external facts and circumstances of the case, simply and fairly stated, will, I think, persuade every right-minded man that these two priests have had no reason to complain of the treatment which they have received at my hands.

In order to make the narrative the more brief, simple, and intelligible to all, I shall distribute it into distinct chapters and paragraphs.

CHAPTER I.

1st. The Rev. Mr. Dayman presented himself to me in the beginning of the winter of 1857. He had no special letter of introduction; but I had known him in Europe before he was a priest. He was dejected, and evidently destitute, and I felt much for his condition. He was indebted to the captain of the vessel for his passage, or some portion of it; and that officer, as Mr. Dayman stated, waited upon him, signifying that if he did not pay his passage he should be proceeded against according to law. He further stated that the captain would not accept his own note unless it was endorsed, and under these circumstances the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs did endorse his note, and thus released him from the claims of the captain. Within the last five weeks it has come to my knowledge for the first time that Mr. Dayman was accompanied on that voyage by a young female, whom he has since introduced as his neice, although I am informed on credible testimony that he has acknowledged that she is not his neice. This the Rev. Mr. Dayman had not the candor to make known to me at the time; for the pity that was extended to him was not to be extended to his female companion, since at that time I knew nothing of the existence of such a person.

2d. I suggested and recommended, as far as his own feeble testimonials would bear me out in doing so, Mr. Dayman to the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond, who needed missionaries for his large but not well-provided diocese. The application was not successful, and there remained nothing that I could see for Mr. Dayman, except that I should provide for him, or leave him exposed as if he were a destitute layman. Accordingly I ascertained, on a presentation of the case as it stood, that the Rev. Mr. McMahon, of St. John's Church, would give him hospitality during the winter, which was then beginning to be severe. I next gave Mr. Dayman the ordinary faculties given to the priests of the diocese, but only during the time that he might choose to remain, or that Father McMahon might be pleased to retain him.

If I have at any time alluded to these circumstances it has not been in the way of a reproach on account of his poverty, but it was to suggest to Mr. Dayman that he should not claim the ownership of the roof which protected him as a mere guest in the period of his destitution. In short, that he should not forget his position in the diocese of New York.

3d. Mr. Dayman has been most kindly treated by myself and clergy of this diocese. He never complained to me of any unkindness, or oppression, or persecution. If he had, I trust that I should have had both the feeling and the authority necessary to redress his

wrongs. Nay, he has acknowledged that he has been treated kindly by the clergyman with whom he lived, viz.: Rev. Father McMahon, pastor of St. John's Church.

4th. It is impossible to imagine what private sentiments urged him to launch out on Sunday, the 6th inst., in an appeal to the laity of the church in which he had been permitted to officiate. He began by asking abruptly, "How long is Father Dayman going to keep us in hell? When is Father Dayman to take us out of hell?" He went on to say that by the authorities of this diocese he was cramped here, and would go where his hands would not be fettered, where he would be at liberty to do all the good that he could do, and where he could exercise freely the sacred ministry, &c., &c.

These things having been reported to me, on the day following, by some laymen who were astonished at hearing them from the pulpit, I deemed it expedient, for this and other graver reasons, to send Mr. Dayman a letter, not of suspension, for that has become his own act, but of the withdrawal of all spiritual faculties as a priest in my diocese, leaving him in the same situation in which he was when he landed at our wharves.

COPY OF A LETTER WITHDRAWING MR. DAYMAN'S FACULTIES.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1859.

REVEREND SIR—When you arrived in this city, poorly supplied with documents of recommendation, with money or with clothing, I endeavored in the first place to procure you an appointment in the diocese of Richmond, where I thought missionary priests were needed. That effort on my part having failed, I allowed you to officiate in my diocese *pro tem.*, not so much because I wanted a priest, as because you being a priest, needed a home. Now, however, I understand that you are not satisfied with the position which you have had hitherto, and I signify to you that all faculties hitherto granted you for the exercise of the holy ministry in the diocese of New York are hereby revoked and withdrawn.

✠ JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

During the week following it appears, according to Mr. Dayman himself, that he was a most persecuted man. His zeal, his charity for the poor, his unbounded efforts to do good, had brought upon him the censures of the Church. Still he would not abandon his faithful people, and they, of course, would not abandon him. He would build a Church and exercise the ministry for the salvation of souls, with or without the Archbishop's approbation, and they, of course, would aid him in that laudable undertaking.

When matters came to this point I deemed it my duty to caution the faithful against the danger of implicating themselves either in heresy or schism. It never was intended that the rights of humanity or of charity should be denied to Mr. Dayman as an individual; but it was intended that Mr. Dayman should receive no encouragement, either as a heretic or schismatic priest, for the establishment or support of a new altar in opposition to the old altar of God and His Church.

In order to put the faithful on their guard, therefore, the following document was furnished to the pastor of St. John's Church, with directions that it should be read on the following Sunday from the altar:

REV. DEAR SIR—For grave reasons of conscience I have made known to the Rev. Mr. Dayman that he is no longer permitted to officiate as a priest in my diocese.

Mr. Dayman landed in this city in the beginning of a winter season. He brought no letter of introduction addressed to me, but he was poorly clad, homeless, penniless, and in a strange country.

I inquired, through the Vicar-General, whether you would not give him hospitality during the winter as a destitute priest.

I was informed that you were willing to do so, and then I gave him spiritual faculties, in order that he might aid you in the labors of the mission so long as he should remain.

The Rev. Mr. Dayman has never been recognized by me as a priest of my diocese.

I know that Mr. Dayman has been treated kindly by me since his arrival in New York. I know that he has been treated kindly by all the priests of the diocese, including especially yourself.

I write this principally to admonish the faithful of S. John's congregation, collectively and individually, in regard to the foregoing statement of facts.

I proclaim, therefore, and ordain, that if any clergyman or lay person, whether male or female, shall contribute, solicit, request or accept of any money for the relief of Rev. Mr. Dayman, after their having a knowledge of this prohibition, they and each of them shall incur, *ipso facto*, the censure of irregularity, from which they cannot be absolved, except by myself, during my life, or by my successor after death. This notice is due from me to the fairhful of St. John's congregation, whom I have committed to your pastoral charge.

If Mr. Dayman has anything to complain of, let him complain to me. If he should prefer another course, let him select any two priests of the diocese, who have been not less than ten years on the mission, and let him explain to them in a satisfactory manner certain things which, so far, he has not explained or even made known to me; and if he can succeed in doing this in a satisfactory manner I shall still treat him justly as I have ever done; but, in addition to justice, I will add charity.

This communication is made for the present to the congregation of St. John the Evangelist; but if occasion require, it shall be officially made known to the reverend clergy and all the faithful of the diocese.

✠ JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

By this it will be seen that no unkindness was done to Mr. Dayman—that the door was left open to him to make any grievance which he could complain of in justice known to me in one or other of two different forms. But it was intended that he should not be permitted to disturb the unity and charity of a Catholic congregation under false pretences. In either case of appeal to me it would have been necessary for him to explain how he permitted himself to be accompanied by a young female from the shores of his own country to those of America; how he concealed the fact of such companionship in his first appeal to myself; how he introduced the same female as his niece; and how, afterwards, he acknowledged that she was not his niece. If he could have explained these things to me, or if he can explain them now, I should and I shall render him all the justice which the facts of the case demand or require. He has, however, by the publication in the *Herald* of to-day, incurred that suspension and irregularity which were not inflicted upon him by any letter of mine.

CHAPTER II.

1st—The other signer to the document published in the *Herald* of this morning is "Fred. Ferdinand Des Camps, Parochas." This unfortunate gentleman brought to New York most excellent letters, attesting his priesthood, his learning and his exemplary conduct as a devout and faithful member of the sacerdotal order. He is praised more especially for his devotion to the Holy Catholic Church, for his submission to ecclesiastical authority, for his blameless life and zeal, according to his own ideas, in regard to these subjects. He is in many respects a very different man from the Rev. Mr. Dayman. He came to this country, as it has been stated to me, for the purpose of being enabled to publish a certain work on science and religion which should revolutionize universal Christendom. The same letters that furnished these testimonies of his excellent character, made known to me that he was subject to periodical fits of insanity; but it was most charitably mentioned, at the same time, that except under the influence of these mental attacks he was in all respects a worthy, humble and devoted priest, who would rather give up his life than knowingly offend against the laws of the Holy Catholic Church. These hints of his condition from one of his best friends were quite sufficient to enlist my sympathies in his favor. I appointed him during his brief stay in my diocese, to a situation in which he might indulge his harmless propensities for writing a useless book, provided, in other respects, he should behave as becomes a priest of God. Until the publication of this day I have seen nothing in his conduct calculated to shake my confidence, except, indeed, some slight extravagances that might be fairly ascribed to the mental infirmity of which I had been duly notified.

Some eight months ago he placed in my hands the manuscript of the great work by which the religious ideas of Chistendom were to be brought into immediate harmony with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Knowing the poor man's infirmity, I did not venture to remonstrate with him on the absurdity of his project. But hoping that a change of climate or other causes might come to the relief of his disordered intellect, I claimed several months for a period, during which I might examine more thoroughly the contents of his manuscript. With this he was satisfied; but he came for the answer rather before the time appointed. Seeing how useless it would be for me to reason with a person in his frame of mind, I suggested that the work was entirely above my capacity for comprehension, and that if he ever should publish it, it ought to be after having previously submitted it to a congregation of the Cardinals or eminent theologians in Rome. Then, as always, he had the appearance of being thoroughly satisfied with my decision, as being to him for the time the decision of the Church to which he bowed with reverence and loyalty. However, I discovered within a few days that he thought I might have approved of his work and allowed it to be published under the Archiepiscopal sanction. From that time his affliction seemed to return and increase. He became troublesome in the situation in which I had placed him. When it became necessary to remove him I procured for him the hospitality of a brother priest in this city. And how he came to be mixed up in the affairs of the Rev. Mr. Dayman can only be accounted for by the condition of his own mind. I never suspended poor Father Des Camps—I merely advised that he should abstain from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice for a time, hoping, in my own thoughts, that he would return to intellectual quietude. But between his case and that of Rev Mr. Dayman there is no more connection, except what they have mutually established, than there is between any human being and the man in the moon.

How, therefore, he could have put his name to the document published in the *Herald* of this day is utterly unaccountable, except in view of the infirmity to which even a good man's mind may sometimes be rendered subject.

An idea of his hallucination may be formed from the fact that he explained to me, in reference to his great work, several things which were utterly incomprehensible, but in regard to which patience and Christian charity forbid that I should contradict him. The squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, and a new system for the construction of railroads, which were to cost nothing and should accomplish everything, were matters of mere amusement which he had at his fingers' ends. He did not attach, however, so much importance to them as to a scientific discovery by which he could multiply gold indefinitely, and which secret he reserved expressly for the benefit of the States of the Church, in order that the Holy Father might be enabled to pay off the national debt, and then use the secret for the purpose of converting the whole world to the faith of Christ. Neither did he attach so much importance to the indefinite production of gold through the agency of his secret as he did to what must appear a strange calculation in such a process, viz.: the economy with which the result could be accomplished; it would not cost so much as a single farthing—for it was pure science.

In all this I never contradicted the poor good man, for it would have been useless, and, in his state of mind, cruel at the same time. I looked upon his case as an affliction which God permitted to obscure periodically the brilliancy of a beautiful mind, without at all leaving a blemish on the purity of a good Christian heart. I am again surprised, therefore—or, indeed, I should rather say that I am not surprised—at finding his name associated with that of the Rev. Mr. Dayman in the publication of this morning under their united signatures.

Printers' type was never before so taxed for the production of such an amount of madness and badness as they have condensed in a single article with so much regard to the economy of space in a public newspaper.

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Archbishop of New York.

[Specially reported for the N. Y. TABLET.]

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP O'CONNOR.

SERMON AT SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

SPEECHES OF RICHARD O'GORMAN AND OTHERS.

THE DAY IN BROOKLYN, ALBANY, UTICA, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, &c., &c.

Contrary to its usual custom the weather, on Thursday, 17th inst., did not show its hostility to Patrick's Day celebration. A finer specimen of a balmy spring day was never seen, and the sun, whose absence never fails to produce a gloomy effect on any procession or gathering, shone out brilliantly, and smiled upon the preparations in the morning as on the celebration during the day. The city wore a very gay aspect, and it seemed as if some populous Irish city had been suddenly emptied into New York. The Park was filled at an early hour by crowds of persons of all classes and nationalities, anxious to witness a holiday scene, and the usual attendants on great festival occasions were represented: the peep-show man, the microscopic exhibitor, the gentlemen who weigh the public in the balance for the small sum of a cent. Poetry was represented by enterprising young gentlemen who announced an effusion *de circonstance*, under the title of "Patrick's Day, New York, 1859," price one cent. Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, sent forth their Irish citizens in goodly numbers, and the influx of hearty, healthy looking smiling faces, cast a pleasant glow over the whole city.

The regiments and various civic societies met in East Broadway and commenced forming in line about half-past 10 o'clock. Owing to the length of the *cortege*, the Societies took some time in formation. The line then marched down Chatham street to the Park, entering by the eastern gate, and, filing by the City Hall, was reviewed by Mayor Tiemann and the Common Council.

The following was the order of the procession:

Acting Brigadier-General, James R. Ryan.
Staff.
Brigade Lancers, Captain B. Reilley.
New York Irish Dragoons, Captain D. C. Minton.
Sixty-ninth Regiment, National Cadets, under the command of Major Robert Nugent, marching in column by companies, fifteen files front.
Emmet Guard, of New Haven.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

The Civic Societies, with their escorts, in the following order:

Grand-Marshal, James Sandford.

FIRST DIVISION.
Independent Guard, Captain John Kenney.
Hibernia Benevolent Society.

SECOND DIVISION.
Marshal, Thomas McKeever.
Garryowen Musketeers, Captain Simon Gavacan.
Irish-American Benevolent Society.

THIRD DIVISION.
Marshal, John Tucker.
Emerald Guard, Captain John Cox.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, First Division.
Sons of '98, Captain M. Gorman.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, Second Division.
Deignan Guard, Captain Powers.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, Third Division.
Sarsfield Guard, Captain James Cullen.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, Fourth Division.
Marshal, Patrick McCaffrey.
Ancient Order of Hibernians of Long Island.
Marshal, Hugh Duck.
Ancient Orders of Hibernians of Melrose and Morrisania.

FOURTH DIVISION.
Marshal, James Carrigan.
Old Guard, Captain James F. Markey.
'Longshoremen's U. B. Society.

FIFTH DIVISION.
Marshal, Thomas Kiernan.
National Greens, Captain Edward Keenan.
Quarrymen's U. P. Society.

SIXTH DIVISION.
Marshal, James Murphy.
Barry Benevolent Society.

SEVENTH DIVISION.
Marshal, Edward L. Carey.
King's County Volunteers, Captain Sweeny.

EIGHTH DIVISION.
Marshal, John Dwyer.
St. James' Roman Catholic T. A. B. Society.

NINTH DIVISION.
Marshal, Thomas Cushing.
Benevolent Society of the United Sons of Erin.

After being reviewed by the municipal authorities, the procession passed through the western gate of the Park and proceeded up Broadway to Fourteenth street, through Fourteenth street to Seventh avenue, up Seventh avenue to Twenty-third street, down Broadway to the Washington Monument, and thence to the Academy of Music. The number of persons who took part in the procession has been variously estimated, but it is allowed on all hands to have been the greatest gathering of Irishmen ever seen in New York, on St. Patrick's Day. The men looked exceedingly well with their insignia and banners, among which the green flag of Ireland, and the star-spangled banner of America, were conspicuous. A tithe of the vast number could not be accommodated in the Academy of Music, so that all were not fortunate enough to hear the eloquent discourse which, on the invitation of the Military and Civic Societies, was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg.

When all those who were fortunate enough to obtain an entrance into the Academy were placed as conveniently as possible, considering the densly crowded state of the house, Bishop O'Connor came forward, and after the enthusiastic applause with which his appearance was greeted had subsided, delivered the following

ADDRESS.

It is quite a common thing for persons addressing public audiences to commence by saying that they never appeared on an occasion more gratifying to their feelings. However hackneyed the expression may be, I must use it on this occasion; for no other would express the feelings that are uppermost in my soul. The splendid array before me is well calculated to awaken a just pride in the soul of every Irishman. The warlike banners borne by the citizen soldiers, a pledge of the confidence reposed in them by their adopted country, and of their determination to stand by its honor in every emergency; the emblems of brotherhood exhibited by the civic societies, proving that they have determined to carry into social life that charity which is the noblest trait of the patriot and of the Christian; the manly bearing of all; and the green flag and the harp of Erin, [applause,] proving that the thousands here assembled have been inspired by a love for our dear old native land, and the religion to which it has clung for so many centuries, are well calculated to excite a thrill of joy in the soul of every man that owns Ireland as the land of his birth. Centuries of oppression may have left us in a degraded condition; they may have left millions without a recognized right to the means of subsistence in the land of their birth; but they have been unable to erush out those noble traits of national character that are more precious than mountains of gold, than a thousand patents of parliamentary nobility.

We have assembled, in the name of Ireland, in a country which has received us with generous hospitality; but it is no departure from the compact under which that hospitality was extended to us, that we should continue to entertain love and veneration for our native land. We owe to this country our undivided allegiance in all civil matters—but it was no part of the bond that we should cease to cherish love and veneration for the land of our birth, to revere the memory of the fathers that have gone before us, or to take a noble pride in their deeds. [Applause.] To have asked that we should do this would have been as cruel as it would have been degrading to grant such a demand. No man above contempt would have condescended to either. On this day particularly, when we refer to the events in the history of our native hand, which are well calculated to excite every noble feeling, we feel that we are but preparing ourselves more thoroughly to discharge all the duties of good citizens in the land of our adoption. There is no country more than this that requires moral principle to be encouraged. In saying this, I do not mean to state that it is behind any other country in moral worth. I mean to say that it requires moral principle more than any other. Just as the oak of the forest, in all its strength and beauty, will receive readily, and transmit through all its branches any poison that may be placed at its roots, while the pile of dead wood fastened together by bonds and chains will be insensible to the approach of corruption, so a country where the sentiments of the people transfuse themselves into all forms and departments of government, where the sentiment of those that rule is received from the masses below, it requires that greater purity should be preserved there than in those countries whose strength lies in a governing power that is independent of, and above, the masses.

When on this day we recall events which are well calculated to cherish that moral principle in our souls; when we can speak of the faith of our ancestors, of the adherence of the sons of Ireland to the faith they once received from their ancestors, of their centuries of suffering for the preservation of that faith; when we stand here to celebrate these events and to encourage these principles, we are doing far more even for the country with which our destinies have been henceforth inseparably linked, than if we came together to communicate some great invention that would merely add to its material growth. [Applause.] For what is it that has called us together to-day? We come to celebrate the Feast of St. Patrick [applause], that glorious Apostle who, more than fourteen hundred years ago, bore to the shores of Ireland the torch of Christianity, and there lit up a flame which yet continues to burn brightly, which has communicated its heat and its lustre to every land. The Church, in celebrating the festivals of the Saints, selects them as heroes of Christianity. In celebrating their festivals, while she does honor to their virtues, she wishes to excite us to their imitation. Though it is not for us to draw a comparison between the great saints that God has raised up in His Church, we can judge of their noble deeds, and if a conclusion is to be drawn from

these, we can scarcely point out in the history of the Church one more entitled to our veneration and gratitude than that great and glorious Apostle in whose honor we have assembled to-day. [Applause.]

St. Patrick, during his early life, was brought as a captive to Ireland, and there, in bondage, through the designs of Providence, he prepared himself for the great work that he was afterwards to perform He became familiar with the language and character of the people that he was to lead into the Church. Having escaped from his captivity, he spent many years in the most renowned institutions of learning and piety on the Continent of Europe, at Lerins, and at Tours, under the instruction of the great Germanus, who is supposed to have been his relative. He was trained in every virtue calculated to prepare the Apostolic man. This Germanus was sent by Pope Celestine to England, to counteract the influence of the Pelagian heresy, which had there taken root. There is reason to believe that Patrick accompanied him, and that Germanus there, hearing of the condition of Ireland, recommended a mission to be sent to it by the Apostolic See. But whatever may have led to the mission, Patrick was sent as its chief; and without arms, without any support from political power, and, trusting only to the influence of the Cross, he presented himself before the assembled States of the realm, at Tara, and, by a happy contrivance, directed their attention, in the most forcible manner, to the new faith which he had come to announce to them. He was permitted by the king to go forth to announce this faith throughout the length and breadth of the land; and a change took place through his labors, of which we find no other example in the whole history of the Church. [Applause.] Within his own lifetime he saw the whole island united in homage to the Cross. Within his own lifetime he saw noble churches spring up. He saw holy men fitted not only to take his own place, or to become his coadjutors, but to go forth themselves and bear the standard of the faith to other nations, to plant the Cross on distant shores, and to become, like himself, Apostles to new nations. [Applause.] If we value the moral principle, if we value the power of truth, the event which is celebrated to-day, when we celebrate the Feast of St. Patrick, is one well calculated to win the admiration of every sincere soul.

Efforts have been made to prove that the religion which St. Patrick implanted in Ireland was different from that which we now profess—that particularly the doctrine of the authority of the Bishop of Rome was unknown to our fathers; but we have the most satisfactory evidence that it is possible to produce, that this was not the fact—that their faith was identical with ours. The very records of Ireland show this in the most unmistakable manner. Without entering into details, I will merely allude to one monument of Irish antiquity, which may be said to be the most venerable now extant. It is to be found in the Royal Irish Museum, in the city of Dublin, and is known as the "Book of Armagh." This book derives its chief authority from the fact that it is known to have been written by one Ferdommagh, who was an authorized copyist in the Church of Armagh, about the ninth century. In one part of the book, where he copies the confessions of St Patrick, he states that he copied them from the manuscript written in Patrick's own hand. He himself was an authorized copyist, and the names of these copyists are well known to persons who have studied the history of Ireland. They were something like our recording officers—public officials employed for the purpose of copying authoritative documents for special use. Now in this book, so well authenticated, of such great authority, we have one decree of a synod where St. Patrick himself presided, in which it is especialiy provided that all questions that may arise should first be referred to the Bishop of Armagh, and if there they could not be satisfactorily settled, that they should then be referred to Rome. [Applause.] And this very decree is appealed to in a synod held in Leighlin, in the year 630. Not long, therefore, after the death of St. Patrick, when a question arose regarding the manner of celebrating Easter there, the learned Cumianus in a discourse which, for force of argument, equals anything written by Belarmine, and which for eloquence will compare favorably with the most beautiful productions of Bossuet, speaks to the assembled bishops and abbots from all parts of Ireland of the necessity of having recourse, on this subject, to Rome; this he insists should be done in consequence of the decrees of the synods of the nation, and he speaks of recurring to Rome as "children to a mother." And some holy men who were sent there in consequence reported, on their return, in glowing terms, how they had met in that city persons of different nations, yet all united in the same faith. [Applause.]

So we find the authority of Rome, and the faith of Rome, in every document that remains to us of the ancient Irish Church. Saint Malachi, long before an English foot was set in hostile attitude upon our shores—[applause]—was deputed to go to Rome, and went there to obtain the sanction of the enactments that had been made in the national synods of Ireland. But while the readiness with which the Irish nation entered into the fold of the faith is a great fact in our history to which we can point with pleasure, their constancy in adhering to that faith, under every species of trial and suffering, is one in which we may say we are more nearly interested, and in which we have almost greater reason to be proud; for these sufferings, these trials, have been borne by those who have come down nearer to our own time. Nay, we ourselves have seen many, perhaps many of you yourselves have been part of those, who have suffered for steadfastness in this faith. We refer to the penal code that was enacted to extirpate the faith from Ireland, and to the fidelity of the people, notwithstanding the severity of its provisions; to that code which exceeded in Draconian rigor; that code which Burke pronounced to be the most ingenious contrivance of man to degrade, and, if possible, to brutalize, a nation. Yet all its enactments, and their severe execution, were not sufficient to draw away our fathers from the faith to which they clung. They took away their property—the whole country was confiscated; they stripped the Church of all her possessions; they destroyed her monasteries and her institutions of learning, and reduced her people, in celebrating the divine mysteries, to the necessity of taking rufuge in the open fields; and many of you may have seen crowds assembled, assisting at the holy sacrifice of Mass, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. [Applause.] A Bishop yet living in Ireland told me that when he was consecrated there was not in his whole diocese one single chapel under the roof of which the people could assemble to hear the Word of God, or assist at the celebration of the Divine mysteries.

But though everything was taken from the people of Ireland except steadfastness in their faith, which was beyond the reach of the power of the tyrant, they preserved that sacred treasure until better times had arrived; and they showed its power by the excellence of the institutions which they again raised. It is an old saying that the darkest hour of the night is that which immediately precedes the dawn; and so it was in Ireland. The time of penal enactments had not yet entirely passed away, when the nation showed the power of the faith that was in them by erecting monuments of religion in every part of the country, as soon as it became possible to do so. The cold of winter would seem to have destroyed all verdure, and to have deprived the earth of its vegitating power; yet scarcely doth spring make its genial heat appear when the shrubs and the flowers, budding forth, prove that that power was only dormant, and enables it to show itself with greator vigor by the beauty and luxuriance of its new productions. So with the faith of Ireland, over the departure of which her enemies seemed to triumph when they deprived the Church of her property and honors, and the people of everything they possessed. When the day of prosperity and comparative peace began to dawn, in the number of churches and institutions of charity which were dotted over the land, they gave clear proof of the power and the strength of the faith that had existed all the while. But even after the severity of the penal codes had passed away, another persecution awaited the people of Ireland—another severe test was applied to their fidelity; for, England, no longer able to destroy their faith by force—despairing of success in this—endeavored, by sly enactments, by false patronage, by offers of compromise, to lay its hand upon that Church in which the faith of the nation was enshrined. But here, too, they were baffled in all their designs, and when emancipation itself was offered with the condition that the Government might obtain some influence in the nomination of their Bishops, and in the government of their Church, the whole Irish nation stood forward in the strength of their faith, and told them that they would receive emancipation on no such conditions. [Cheers.] They preferred their civil shackles yet to remain, rather than that any bonds should be placed upon the freedom of the Church which they loved above all other things upon earth. And for more than twenty years proposals of emancipation offered on such conditions were successively rejected and defeated by those who spoke in the name of the people of Ireland.

And so it was with education. They loved education. They loved it from their very earliest days. It was always a proud boast of Ireland that from the first day that she became an obedient child of the Church, she was distinguished as much for her love of education as she was for the piety of her children. In her early days her schools were not only open to her own sons, but thousands flocked to them from every part of Europe. There were colleges in different parts of Ireland, to which the English were glad to send their children to be educated; and some places, even to this day, such as Mayo of the Saxons, bear names from these very institutions of learning, established there for the instruction of those who came from England. Nor was it merely by receiving students from abroad that they showed their fondness for learning. Men from their institutions went forth to enlighten every part of the continent, and Oxford, and Paris, and many of the most illustrious universities of Europe, acknowledged Irishmen for their founders, or as the most illustrious persons that gave them strength in their infancy. We find Charlemagne himself bringing learned men from Ireland, to encourage and strengthen the cause of education to which he had devoted himself. [Loud applause.] This fondness for learning adhered to them under all their trials, and when it was a crime to be educated in their native land, they willingly incurred the expense and trouble of sending their children abroad for this purpose. Had it not been for this great love of learning, which, like their faith, their oppressors could not crush out, Ireland to-day would have been one of the most degraded countries upon the face of the earth. Bishop England tells us that his own father was put in prison for no other crime than that of having taught a school which he was not allowed to do as a Catholic.

Having in vain endeavored to resist the desire of Irishmen for education, the English government at last endeavored to take it into its own hands, and to administer something that would appear to satisfy this national craving, uniting with it something else that would destroy their faith. From systems of public education so devised, notwithstanding their desire for its material benefit, the whole nation recoiled, whenever they found that their faith was imperiled by it. A system of national education was at last established, in which they found practical security for their religion; and in the thousands and hundreds of thousands that flocked to avail themselves of its benefit, they show their persevering love of education, while at the same time they show their determination not even to accept of this boon at the risk of their faith. And should the English government at any time endeavor to wrest this system, as they did others, to the destruction of the faith of the people, I think that you know enough of the feelings of our nation to pledge ourselves that such an undertaking would be a signal for the desertion even of those thousands of schools. They would leave their school-houses to themselves if education could not be obtained there without sacrificing their religion.

The sufferings of Ireland were for a long time an enigma to those who studied the ways of Providence. They appeared to be a paradox to those who loved to see in everything the dealings of a just God. "How," it was asked by many, "could a nation so faithful to its duty to God, and a nation that had made so many sacrifices, be permitted to be trodden down so long, and those who had revelled in her oppression, appear to receive all its blessings?" But we have lived to see the solution of this problem. We have lived to see a reason which, in the ways of Providence, is perfectly in accordance with its provisions in dealing with the races of men. It is not in the lifetime of one person, nor in the course of one century, that these designs of Providence develop themselves. The ancient fathers were accustomed to assign as the real cause of the growth, and the diffusion of the Roman Empire, that God wished by this to prepare a means for the more easy diffusion of the Gospel; and those men who, under the invocation of Jupiter, seemed to carry the Roman eagle to the utmost bounds of the earth, were, in all probability, in the designs of Providence, only the forerunners of the Gospel, clearing the way, opening out the paths, and creating those links by which the Gospel of Jesus Christ might be transmitted to the most distant lands.

In our days the influence of Great Britain has extended itself in every part of the world. She has established her colonies on both hemispheres; she has planted a new empire in Australia, and we have heard many expatiating on the diffusion of the English language, which, but a few years ago, was spoken by not more than twenty millions, and is now the language of more than sixty millions of the inhabitants of the earth. And this appears to be only the commencement. Politicians will assign various causes for this, but they who know that the rulers of the earth and the destinies of mankind are in the hands of Providence, may seek a better explanation than is afforded by political economy. Would it be presumption to say that this diffusion, this extension of the power of Great Britain, allied as she is to old faithful Ireland, has been in the destinies of Heaven, but intended to spread the faith of Ireland throughout the vast extent of the world, and, even under a hostile banner, to carry the cause of the Cross into the most distant lands? [Applause.] Such, at any rate, has been the result. England fought her battles and established her power in many places by the grossest iniquity; but whatever were her designs, with the armies of England went forth the sons of Ireland. She established her factories and military posts, the Irishman went with her and raised up the Cross. Under the shadow of her military establishment, the Church of God built, if you will, but a hut in the beginning, over which the Cross was raised. But the true faith was preached in it, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in it; and with their characteristic generosity the hut was soon converted into a noble church; and the Catholic faith was thus preached everywhere, not through the instrumentality, but in spite of the wishes, of Great Britain. [Applause.]

What would have been the condition of the Catholic Church to-day, in this vast English-speaking world, if Ireland had not remained faithful to the faith of her fathers? What would be its position in regard to that holy cause which we consider to be the most important one on earth? The English-speaking world would be like another Russia, where the Catholic missionary dare hardly put his foot, and where the Catholic faith may be said to be almost unknown. And what a difference would this make in the whole world, if all those countries, in Europe, in Asia, in Australia, and in America, where the English language is known and spoken, were undividedly hostile to the Catholic faith! It may, then, be but a proper explanation of the designs of Providence, in the success of Britain, that she owes her power to the dispensation of God, who permits her to conquer and succeed, that she may be the carrier of the faith of her persecuted sister, whom she has not been enabled to enlist in her revolution against the Church. [Applause.]

A new empire is rising up in Australia, and there, in consequence of this diffusion of the Irish faith, we already find the Catholic Church on a footing of recognized equality with every other denomination; and in India, and in all her other possessions, the cause of Catholicism is upheld by Irish arms. England herself, though she may seem to have made great advances in the faith, owes this in a great measure, if not entirely, to the influence of the Irish emigrant; for though she has many noble souls who have adorned the faith with their virtues; though many of her best geniuses have paid it the homage in their conversion, yet these would be like so many green spots in the desert, beautiful, indeed, but only serving to show in darker colors the depth of the desolation by which they are surrounded. It is only the fervor and energy of the Irish character that has established itself in all the great cities of England, that has caused noble churches to spring up, that has caused the faith of the Catholic Church to be known and respected, and that creates some hope that England again may become what she was before—an island of saints. In this great country, I am the last person to be unwilling to do homage to the many illustrious persons who have adorned the Church, who have stood at the altar, who have borne the mitre—men of other races who were a blessing to our national Church; but, after all, what is the great element of strength? We must admit that it is the energy, the generosity, the ardent faith of the people of Ireland.

You have in this city your old Cathedral, which is dedicated to the honor of God, under the patronage of St. Patrick. The two clergymen, the worthy men, who presided over the Catholics of this city when that great work was undertaken, were not Irishmen. One was a native of Germany, the other was of the Maryland stock of Catholic emigrants. Yet they rendered homage to the nationality of those who strengthened their arms, on whom they relied for support, for the means of carrying out that great undertaking, by dedicating it to the Apostle of Ireland. And when the new Cathedral shall adorn this city, which will be, I trust, the most beautiful monument of this noble land, it will retain the name of St. Patrick. Though I have no doubt it will enlist the support of the Catholics here of every race, no one will complain that this homage shall be done to the chief and strongest element that will be enlisted in its erection. [Applause.] So it is, go where you will, through the length and breadth of the land. Others have done much, but all will unite in admitting that it is the Irishmen, above all, that has raised the Cross in the East and the West. Whether it was a Frenchman, a Pole, or a German that administered to his wants, it was Irish generosity, which, above all other things, enabled the cause of Catholicity to prosper here, and monuments to be erected to the honor of God under its patronage.

A few months ago, I happened to be in company with some French priests, and one of those gentlemen related the following anecdote. He said, in a certain village in the West, a priest had commenced a small Church, but when the walls were raised a few feet above the ground, he found himself unable to continue it, and abandoned the undertaking. It remained there as an object of occasional sneers. "The Catholics," people were in the habit of saying, "thought of building a Church, but there it is, uncompleted, and there it will remain, and we shall have no Catholic Church here." After a short time some poor Irish laborers were passing along looking for work, (for Irishmen out West don't go to beg; they go looking for honest labor). [Applause.] Their attention was directed to this building that had been commenced, and inquiring what it was, they received the usual answer—"Some Catholics were here, and commenced this thing, but they were not able to finish it, and there it remains." "Well then," said these poor laborers, "if it was commenced as a Catholic Church, it shall not be our fault if it is not finished. Here we will remain, here we will stay, until we see the Cross is raised over it." [Great applause.] And they remained there, and worked about amongst the farmers, and in the village, as much as was necessary to enable them to support themselves, but every week they devoted a part of their time to the completion of that building. And they stationed some companions on the highway to stop every Irishman passing, until they collected a congregation of men zealous like themselves, and there they remained, until they succeeded in completing the Church, and heard Mass under its roof. [Great applause.]

In this manner, on this day, the Feast of St. Patrick, joy and gladness will be diffused in many, many churches of this land; for wherever you go in every diocese, and almost in every county, some church or other is dedicated in his name. And we, too, in Pittsburg, have received abundant proof of the zeal of Irishmen for their faith. A few months ago I obtained a copy of the register of baptisms in that place, when it was yet a French fort. In this record of baptisms, written by the French Chaplain, a copy of which I obtained from Quebec, there are marked down baptisms of the children of Irish parents. The Chaplain explained how Irishmen were found there among the soldiers, saying that these persons came from the English settlements to obtain the advantages of religion. These poor men, who had settled on the Atlantic coast, and were without the consolations of a priest, or the means of receiving the sacraments, were not afraid to face the vast wilds of the West, and penetrate the forests of western Pennsylania, beset, as they then were, by Indians, that they might reach a solitary post, of which they had heard nothing, except that a priest was there who might afford them the consolations of religion, and introduce their children into the fold of the Church. [Applause.] And when the first church was built in Pittsburg, it was indeed but an humble structure. I saw the original contract that was made for its erection. It was to have been erected for the great sum of five hundred and eighty dollars! It was easily seen by whom this humble chapel was erected, for it was dedicated to God, under the patronage of St. Patrick.

The same men who erected this humble building, when their means enabled them, undertook another Church, which was the proudest monument of the Western valley. There, at the commencement of the Ohio river, it raised its noble proportions, and was admired by every one for its beauty. For more than twenty years they had labored in gathering together the means by which it was erected, and by which the debts contracted in its erection might be discharged, when, as you are already aware, a calamitous fire reduced this noble pile to ashes. It was for the purpose of obtaining aid towards defraying the expenses incurred in erecting a new cathedral in its place, that I came on this occasion to your city. I have received generous aid from men of every nationality, but while I thank them from my soul, they will, I have no doubt, be perfectly satisfied that I should here declare that before all, and above all, I have received proofs of generosity from Irishmen. This meet-

ing, in honor of our Patron Saint, has been suggested by those who represent the societies here assembled. They, of their own accord, have undertaken to pledge you all to afford us assistance on this day. Such a work is deserving of the highest approbation. It is a most appropriate tribute to to the memories of those whose names may be worthily united with St. Prtrick in the celebration of this festival. It bespeaks the living love for the propagation of religion which yet animates the sons of Ireland, no matter in what clime they may be found, it bespeaks their zeal, their anxiety to see the cross established in every land; and I trust that the generosity of your offerings, on this occasion, will show how ardent is that desire—that in nothing has it fallen behind the zeal of our fathers.

A collection will therefore be made, in accordance with the wishes of your representatives, who have had the very great kindness themselves to make this suggestion. For the generosity that prompted this offer, for the generosity which they must have known to exist in your breasts to warrant them in making such an offer, you must here receive my heartfelt thanks—not only my own, but I venture, in the name of our people who have themselves acted with the greatest generosity on this trying occasion, to return you my thanks. It will be thus that you will exhibit the benevolence, the patriotism, the religion, that are so much at home in the Irish soul, of which I trust the shamrock, blending three in one, is but an emblem, showing that these three virtues are all closely combined in your hearts.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin and the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, and a large number of the clergy, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland. The Church was filled to its utmost capacity. At the conclusion of the Mass the Rev. Father de Luynes, S. J., ascended the pulpit, and took his text from Ecclesiasticus, chapter 50:

Simon, the high priest, the son of Onias, who, in his life, propped up the house, and, in his days, fortified the temple. By him also the height of the temple was founded, the double building and the high walls of the temple. . . . He took care of his nation and delivered it from destruction. He prevailed to enlarge the city and obtained glory in his converestion with the people; and enlarged the entrance of the house and the court. He shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full. And as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God. And as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, and as the flower of roses in the days of the spring, and as the lilies that are on the brink of the water, and as the sweet smelling frankincense in the time of summer, &c.

Before he proceeded to point out what he believed was obvious enough in speaking of the passages of the holy life and spiritual labors of this servant of God, whose festival the Church celebrated that day, he hoped he should be permitted briefly, and with but too much sincerity, to say that he regretted that it devolved upon him to address them on that occasion. He regretted it, surely not because he was not most willing and most happy to lay his poor mite before the shrine of the great Apostle of Ireland, but he regretted it because whilst turning the subject over in his mind he could not but see that it required more than ordinary powers properly to handle it; and he became quite sensible—even painfully so—of his utter inability to do the subject anything like justice. In attempting to speak upon it at all, he did so with much diffidence and in compliance—and he did comply readily and cheerfully—with the duty assigned to him by the proper authority. Yet it frequently happened that in the midst of our fears we find grounds for hope; and so it might be even here. The subject itself had so much scope; it was so fruitful, so rich, so suggestive, it carried the mind back to so eventful and glorious a period in the history of the Church, it was withal so familiar, that he must be very unfortunate indeed if he failed to bring before them even one of the many eventful passages in the life of his great subject. His hand must be very unskilful, and utterly unblessed if he did not awaken in some of the thousandfold recollections which on the 17th of March sprung up at the bare mention of the name of St. Patrick in Ireland in the bosom of every Irishman, or indeed in the bosom of those who, though not born on the soil in which St. Patrick preached the Gospel, yet from community of feeling with the Saint, or national patron of Ireland, may consider it as a glorious privilege to claim a full share of the feeling proper on that day.

He alluded to the richness of the subject, and said that if they were seeking an illustration to express it they could find nothing more beautiful than that of the rainbow, as described in the text. In it they found the idea of a high influence of a holy life that shines far above the earth, yet comes down to it. They found in it the idea of hope under its scriptural emblem. They there found in the illustration: "And when he took the portions out of the hands of the priests, he himself stood by the altar, and about him was the ring of his brethren," a perfect expression of the idea of unity of the great work which was prepared by St. Patrick. The characteristics indicated in the text could not be found in any of the saints so eminently as in the life of that great Saint.

Of all other men who have ever appeared there was none whose labors were so beneficial to Ireland as those of St. Patrick. There is no man in the annals of Ireland more glorious. If they only looked for a moment over the broad surface of the earth, they would find the Irish celebrating the anniversary of St. Patrick. No matter where they saw the Irish people, whether in their own green and lovely Isle, or dispersed over the Continent of Europe, or extending along the noble shores of the Pacific, or inhabiting the British Possessions of this mighty Continent, or flying across the Atlantic Ocean, and seeking a home in this great Republic—wherever they found the Irish on that day, from their lips would ascend to God praise for having made to them so rich a present as St. Patrick and his holy and beneficent ministry. To this there was no exception in any true Irish heart; from all would ascend the sound of praise to Heaven, blending together the name of St. Patrick and the name of Christ, the Almighty Giver of all good gifts. The Church itself never forgets his name, and although fourteen centuries have elapsed since that great and holy man was in the Irish nation, yet on this day is the Church of God mindful of him, and on this very morning every Catholic altar throughout the whole world is breathing his name in praise and thanksgiving. Throughout the earth his name was borne in the hearts of the people of Ireland, and if they lifted their eyes for a moment to Heaven, how much more truly applicable will those words of the high priest appear in their application to the Apostle of Ireland. He is not separated from his brethren. Around him are countless Irish virgins, highly distinguished men and women of the Irish nation, countless martyrs who shed their blood for the faith which he planted, all forming a glorious ring around him. There is no nation that has so preserved the name of its Apostle, and that has so revered him under all and every state of circumstances, as the Irish nation has preserved and revered the name of St. Pstrick. How truly it is that the memory of the just shall never perish from the earth.

Such, then, was the spiritual position, so to say, of Saint Patrick. How different was his position when he was before us. Look at him as he was in the flesh. Saint Paul said that the Almighty had chosen the foolish things of this world that he might confound the wise; that he chose the weak things of this world that he might confound the strong; that he had chosen the base things of this world that he might confound the things that are not so. We are reminded of this great law of Providence in the life of St. Patrick and in the fulfilment of his ministry as the Apostle of the Irish nation.

They all knew the particular event in the life of Saint Patrick to which he alluded. That great man, so superior to all others in his day—that great man that gathered around his name all the affections of the Irish heart—that great man that now was a star in Heaven—that great man, who, when we go back to the days of his flesh—the first knowledge we have of Saint Patrick, who was to play so important a part in the destinies of Providence—the first knowledge we have of the great Apostle of Ireland was, that he was a poor slave in the very nation which he was one day to free from a worse slavery than the one which he endured himself. They saw him seized on the coast of Gaul by an Irish chieftain, about the year 420–25, who swept along the coast, and who was himself doomed never again to see his own home, and carried to the shores of Ireland, and there, like Joseph, truly to be the saviour of his brothers who had doomed him to exile. Patrick was sold as a slave. A common youth would have sunk under such a load of misfortune. Not so the great man that was to be exalted in future years to the ministry of the Apostleship amongst the Irish nation. He resigned himself profoundly in his misfortune to the will of God. He never repined against the will of Providence. It never entered his heart to do so. He knew not what God had destined him for; but he would so shape the circumstances in which he was placed; and without knowing it, he thus, by resigning himself to the will of God, and by persisting in those heroic efforts, prepared himself for the great and glorious ministry of the Apostleship of Ireland.

The reverend preacher further described the circumstances connected with the life of Saint Patrick, while in slavery, as calculated to fit him for the subsequent mission which God one day intended to intrust into his hands. He was a holy youth. The solitude in which he had to pass the most of his days, which he would naturally devote to religious exercises—in the long days of summer, and the long nights of winter—in which he was excluded from human society, when he would think of God, and of Christ, in those days he would prepare for the great duties before him. He saw, too, the superstitions in which the Irish people were plunged. Those superstitions, although foolish, were not of the absurd and gross character, and did not partake of the debasement which characterized the Paganism of other nations. They worshipped the sun, the moon, and the stars. But they might have done so as reminding them, or as emblematic, of the great Deity. In some parts of Ireland the worship might then have partaken of a different character; but, generally speaking, it was so. Reflections of this kind must have naturally passed through the mind of Saint Patrick, and must have had their influence in the future action of the great Apostle of Ireland. And how must he have yearned for the day that the Gospel would be made manifest to the Irish people? But, before that great day, he had not yet arrived at the position in which he could put his aspirations into practice.

The Rev. gentleman then described the dream of St. Patrick, by which he was to be made free. After seven or eight years' captivity God was pleased in a wonderful manner to manifest to him this vision. He fled to the shore where a ship was to take him from Ireland, and the place was pointed out to him where he should find the ship ready to take him off; and, obedient to the voice, he went to the spot designated, and, grievous to say, he was disappointed; but seeing that he could not mistake the sense and nature of the voice which had spoken to him, he persevered; and the very man who had first refused to take the poor slave and convey him back to his native shore, consented at last to do this for him through compassion. Thus it was that St. Patrick, after seven or eight years of slavery, was brought back to his own native Gaul. Here we lose sight of him for awhile; but after he had spent some time, probably amongst his own dear relatives, we find the holy youth repairs to the great Bishop of Tours, St. Martin. He felt the importance of the mission which was designed for him. And St. Patrick could have no difficulty in finding men under whom he was to prepare himself for his great mission. The age in which he lived was one of the most glorious ages in the history of the Church. Only remember what things were done in that age, and what men lived in it! The great doctrine of the Trinity had been but then lately,—not, indeed, held or professed, but lately stated and defined. The great doctrine of the Incarnation that Mary was the true Mother of God, was then but recently defined by the Church. He lived then in those times when, so to say, the outpouring of the spirit of God exceeded its usual boundaries. How easy it was for him then to receive within his intellect and heart the fulness of the Catholic doctrine. And if great things were done in his time, we must not forget that great men also lived in his time. There were St. Cyril, St. John Chrysostom, St. Austin, St. Jerome, St. Leo, St. Clement, St. Martin, all of whom had lived either immediately before or at the time of St. Patrick; and easy it was for him to drink deeply at the fountain of the pure Catholic doctrine.

Having detailed the preparations undergone by Patrick, under the direction of St. Martin, and subsequently under that of St. Jerome, during nine years, in which he led a life of strict monastic discipline, in the course of which he heard a voice as from the Irish people, calling upon him to come to them and bring them the tidings of salvation. The Rev. preacher said that in the Saint's fortieth year he entered upon his mission of preaching the Gospel to the Irish nation. They were all acquainted with the glorious progress of that mission. They all knew what consequences flowed from it. He was received with open arms wherever he went, and he travelled from east to west and from north to south. There is hardly a spot of that holy land that the foot of Saint Patrick has not trod and blessed. All seemed to be at once ready to yield obedience to his teaching. He spent probably thirty-three or forty years in the exercise of his Apostolic ministry. To him they were years of intense labor, of uninterrupted prayer, of suffering and danger; but, at the same time, they were years of spiritual conquest.

Before his death he had seen the vast majority, or, at least, a great number, of the Irish nation resign their foolish worship, and bow their knee before Christ their Lord. He had established many in the discipline of the Church—he ordained many priests; poetry had heard him, science had heard him, power had heard him; and he saw that Christ his Master was swaying his sceptre over the larger portion of Ireland.

The preacher then described the events preceding the death of the Saint; and having given utterance to several beautiful reflections suggested by the event, he said there were features connected with the conversion of Ireland which he could not on that day pass by without referring to. He alluded to the rapidity with which the Gospel was received throughout Ireland. He alluded to the intensity with which it was received throughout the whole of Ireland. He alluded to the well-known fact that it was received without persecution or bloodshed. He alluded to its expansion which was bounded only by the island in which it was received, and he alluded to its everlasting character, continuing through and triumphing over ages of persecution. We know from certain sources that about the middle of the sixth century, that is to say, a little more than one hundred years after St. Patrick had landed on the shores of Ireland, that Paganism was extinct throughout the whole of Ireland. We know that it took more than three hundred years to bring about any signs of Christianity in the Roman Empire, but in Ireland it was not so. There was no bloodshed, no persecution; it was a peaceful victory of the Gospel over the hearts of men. And this was so rapid and intense that we almost at once had a native clergy, native bishop, native monks and nuns. In this was seen the intensity of the conversion of the Irish nation, that it could not be confined within the narrow limits of the island, and hence we find that the Irish nation was the great apostolic nation of Europe. Her ministers spread themselves everywhere over the Continent. We find them in Gaul, in Italy, in Germany, in England. So intense was the love of Christ that it must communicate its flame to other hearts.

We all knew what was the consequence of the overrunning of barbarism throughout Europe, and had it not been for the learning of Ireland, European literature might have been extinguished. It is to Ireland that we are to look for the link between ancient and modern learning. It is to the learning of Ireland, to her schools and colleges, that we have to look for the literature of the sixth, seventh, eight, and even the ninth centuries.

Alluding to the sufferings of the Catholics in Ireland at the hands of England, he said that during the three hundred years of unmitigated persecution, the history of which they were all acquainted with, they knew what the Catholics had endured. They suffered in every sense, in property and in person. Laws were enacted against both. Everything was tried to extirpate from the Irish Catholics the holy institution of their religion, but thanks be to Heaven the law could not extirpate the Catholic religion from the Irish heart. Look at the results in Ireland. Look at the results throughout the Globe wherever they are to be found. How great their number, how determined their faith, how bold in the struggle, how concious they seem to be of victory!

He said that we ought often to bring to mind and reflect on the sufferings of the millions of Irish martyrs who had died for the faith, but who are now triumphant in Heaven, that we might be incited to do our part in the great struggle that is not yet ended; and concluded by applying to the Irish nation the words of the Apostle, "Oh! people of God—oh! ever faithful people of God," and exhorting them to be ever true to the religion planted in their country by Saint Patrick.

A handsome collection was taken up for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick celebrated the day by a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel The Chairman, Richard O'Gorman, Esq., prefaced the toasts with the following remarks:

Brethren of this Ancient Society, Gentlemen, and good Friends all—Another winter has gone by. The blessed spring has come to us again, awakening all nature from its sleep. There is not a blade of grass, there is not a tree in the forest, nor a living thing but feels the thrill of its genial influence. Among the rest, this hardy little plant—[here the speaker held up the national emblem]—dear emblem of the Island we honor and love—the shamrock lifts its head, just in time for Irish hands to gather—just in time to rest upon Irish hearts—to grace our National Festival, and swim or drown in our cups on Patrick's Day. This Society has been pleased to elect me to be its President this year, and to-night to bid you welcome in its name. It is an honor I am proud of. I remember how worthily this post has been hitherto filled by my honorable predecessors, many of whom I see around me. I remember, too, how venerable is this Society, and, in its origin and its purpose, how well deserving the respect and affection of Irishmen. Seventy-five years ago a few Irish gentlemen in this city founded the Society of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," to the end that in it Irishmen, in all time to come, might find help, comfort and enjoyment. They hoped that it might be for them and their descendants a permanent bond of brotherhood; and in order to keep ever in bloom, as it were, the flower of hospitality and good fellowship they had transplanted, they enjoined us that once, at least, in each year, whenever our national anniversary comes round, we should meet together, and in good cheer and conviviality honor the day, revive the friendship, the loves of bygone years; the sacred and softening memories of the dear old times. These, the honored founders of our Society, have long since passed away. But their purpose, I think, has not been unfulfilled; the spirit that animated them has survived them, presides over us, and sanctifies our festival to-night. Seventy-five years ago! Think what a changed world it is since then. It was the year 1784. In Ireland, then, the great voice of Grattan rang like the blast of a trumpet loud and clear, rousing from their lethargy the genius and chivalry of the land. How was it here? This city was small then—a mere cluster of houses. But New York had just then looked on a great sight—the most heroic scene of a hero's life—a conqueror, in the midst of his conquering army, laying more than regal power down—returning to its scabbard the sword that had never been drawn in an ignoble quarrel—bidding his soldiers, one by one, farewell, and returning to his home. Such things were done in this city of New York, seventy-five years ago, by George Washington, then as now, the foremost man in all this world. There were giants on the earth in these days. Feebly it glimmered then in the western sky, just struggling out from the clouds that had beset it, that new constellation of thirteen stars. Seventy-five years have passed—it has increased in number and brightness till, star after star flashing out into the light, from thirteen it has grown to thirty-three, and all the heavens are covered with the light of its glory. May that constellation shine on through long ages, without one star the less—without one ray shorn of its splendor. There were not many Irishmen in America then. There were some; but the number was not worth counting. Irishmen and their descendants are so numerous here to-day that it is scarce possible to count them. Through all these years of change this Society has lived on, representing, in many respects, the vary-

ing vicissitudes of the country whose memory it was destined to guard. There fell upon Ireland a terrible disaster. We had no heart for merriment, and for some gloomy years this day passed without its accustomed festivity. That woeful time is gone—never, let us hope, to return. A future of commercial activity and success seems opening for Ireland. The old land is stirred with new hope—fresh life is throbbing in its veins. The hour for mourning is gone by, and this Society, true to its representative character, with fuller members, and prouder, happier tone, fathers its children around it to-night. What better representative could Ireland have? I look around this table. I see Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen who have won, because they deserved to win, the prizes of life. They brought to the struggle courage, endurance, self-control—and for men so armed there is no such thing as defeat. Here, for instance, my eye falls upon one man upon whose shoulders America has imposed the heaviest duties, and whose head it has crowned with its highest honors. Who, as a judge, unflinching; honest and able as a Senator; in the field—in the van of America's battles—true as the steel by his side. Let the United States claim Shield as a citizen, but let me to-night claim him as a brother, and say that the dear old land is proud of him as a son. Commerce has opened a new highway. Every few weeks the boom of a signal gun off Arran awakens the Island from her seclusion and bids her smarten up, for America is knocking at her door. I have faith in the destiny of the dear old Island, and its indestructible race. And now, may no unkind word or foolish act mar the promise of this propitious hour. May there be Peace in Ireland—Peace; not the torpor of abject submission, not the stagnation of manly thought, but a healthy repose, an honorable peace—peace between race and race, and class and class, and sect and sect; peace between the government and the governed, between the castle and the cottage, the rich and the poor; peace, that all mindful of the errors, the passions, the follies, the crimes of the past, may learn at last to repent, to forgive, to forget, to amend. Let those who talk of their rights not forget their duties. Let all remember that a nation is a living thing—that one class cannot pine under wrong—nay, that the finger of injustice cannot be laid on one man without a wound to the honor, the health, and the safety of the whole. Thus with hearts full of fond remembrance, of love and hope, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of the City of New York, to their brethren across the Atlantic, send greeting, and to all true Irishmen, wherever the may be scattered all over the earth, bid God speed. Brethren, gentlemen, friends, all—once more, welcome! *"Failthe! failthe! cead mile failthe!"* [Immense cheering.]

The following were the regular toasts:

1 St. Patrick's Day, and all who honor it.
2. The United States—The land we live in.
3. Ireland—The home of our fathers.
4. The City of New York.
5. Civil and Religious Liberty.
6. Moore and Davis, and the Poetry and Poets of Ireland.
7. Our Sister Societies—Their honored representatives are welcome to our board to-night.
8. The Press.
9. Woman—In our grief or our gladness, in brightness or in gloom, always the joy and the light.

The first toast was drunk standing with all the honors. The second toast was responded to by Parke Godwin, Esq., who, at the conclusion of his remarks, volunteered the toast of "The Senate of the United States," which brought out Senator Shields, of Minnesota.

Gen. Shields said he was an invalid, but was determined, if possible, to be present. Even if well he hardly knew what to say. He thanked the President and those present for their sympathy, and his reception, which was the best medicine which could come from an Irish head to an Irish heart. Irishmen had a curious kind of vibration in them, for where they were sent they were unwilling to die, and when about dying would celebrate St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick was an adopted citizen, yet he was a good Irishman. [Great applause.] But he was not the only saint Ireland had, for she was the land of saints. He knew there was a future for Ireland, and that her dear old harp would wake again, and those who now looked down upon her would be ashamed. Ireland was now finding out that union was strength; and he would say that when people got strong then they would unite. Irishmen had been showing their sores to the world and begging their sympathy. That day was gone by. That was womanish, and he never liked it; he begged the ladies' pardon, he meant childish. If men could not right their wrongs, let them be silent. When they lamented and wept over their misfortunes then he had no sympathy for them, but this was past, and now Ireland looked to the future. He was going to mention the eloquence of Ireland till he heard the President, and was about to say that she was as dull and respectable as her neighbors. He was glad of that, for when people talked too much, they did not do much. The Irish race represented both North and South in their passions, and therefore were an unmanageable race; for a celebrated Emperor had said that he couldn't even make slaves of them, and he must admit that they were the hardest people in the world to make slaves of. An Irishman came here swearing to defend the flag of this country, he was bound to do it if he was a man, and just in proportion as he was a genuine Irishman, he was a true and loyal American. An Irish emigrant was the first man to become Americanized and the last to forget his nationality. The Americans might have their jests at Ireland or Irishmen, but they trusted them both in their councils and in their armies. He was an example, for he came here a poor Irish boy, and had represented two sovereign States. What other man but an Irishman would an American trust in that way? It just showed that a man might love his mother and not forget his wife. The General sat down amid enthusiastic applause.

The third regular toast was responded to by James T. Brady, Esq., the eminent advocate. He spoke eloquently of the land of his fathers, and paid a high compliment to the Irish laborer who builds up the monuments that last from age to age.

Mayor Tiemann replied to the fourth regular toast. He said it was scarcely respectable to call upon a Dutchman to address an Irish assembly, but when asked to respond for New York he could not refuse. The Irishman, the Dutchman, and all others, had found a home in New York, and as a New Yorker he hoped this would always be the case. He had reviewed a body of Irishmen to-day, made up of the bone and sinew of the country; and although it was proverbial that on St. Patrick's Day there should be a free fight, yet he was proud to say there was not a drunken man among them; they were a respectable body of men, and *he* felt proud of them, although he had no Irish blood in him. If he had, perhaps, he would speak better. He had heard it said that Irishmen in the British army would throw away the balls and fire blank cartridges at Americans, if called to fight against them. He had tried to find out why this was, and he came to the conclusion that it was because they were afraid of shooting their brothers. There were many Irishmen in the army of the United States—no doubt, there were some Dutchmen, too—and all loved their fatherland. In his opinion, the man who did not love the land of his birth was not worthy the confidence of the land of his adoption. He loved the land of his fathers, and why should not Irishmen do the same? If he had Irish blood in him he would say more. The worthy Mayor was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his remarks.

An eloquent response was made to the fifth regular toast: "Civil and Religious Liberty," by Judge Daly.

Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq, responded to the sixth regular toast. The first portion of his remarks was of historical nature, from which he passed to the immediate subjects of the toast, giving in his usual flowery style word-portraits of the poets whose names were coupled together. He wished that by fairy-craft or witchery they could summon to the banquet all those who had with a thrilling mastery swept the chords of the Irish harp, and with immortal verse extolled the name of Ireland, and avenged her wayward fate. From Amergin to O'Neeve—from O'Neeve to Callanan, Gougane Barra, they should have them all. Interspersed with halberts and swords of brass, with golden-bitted bridles, such as Tyrowen sent as a gift to Thomond, and golden shields, such as were carried before the chiefs in battle—the fir, the yew, the arbutus of the lakes, the fern should decorate the walls. The honored president should be dressed for the occasion—should have the *barrad*, or high conical cap, his ancestors used to wear, and of which they thought so much that they invested the head of an angel with it, in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Drogheda. Round the neck of his legal friend should be the collar of gold which the Irish Judges used formerly to wear—an inestimable collar, tightening, as it did instinctively, upon the neck of the wearer, if he attempted to pronounce a false sentence, and continuing to squeeze him until he rendered up a just one. His excellent and venerable friend, Mr. Bell, who, for so many years, officiated as procurator and chaplain to the Friendly Sons, should have the Druidical white robe, the golden crescent and the crown of oak leaves, but for fear he might look too like a Pagan priest he should have a string of pearls to hang behind each ear, such as the Abbot of Dulesk is represented to have worn. The Friendly Sons themselves should have, each of them, a shirt of thirty ells of linen dyed with saffron—a leather girdle wherewith to fasten it round the loins, a red cloak with a hood and border of shagged hair, drawn together at the breast with a silver *fibuta*, short boots made of raw skin, and beards such as those which incensed the bare-face courtiers of King John, and provoked the prohibitory act of Henry VI.—an act compelling the whole of Ireland to be shaved, under pain of confiscation. Then in walnut bowls or goblets, in silver-rimmed shells and horns of gold, overflowing with the cider of Affane, the wine of Irelagh, or mead such as sparkled at the feast of Concobar, the Chief of the Red-Branch Knights—up standing and uncovered—amid the surging of their recovered harps—their toast should be—Ireland, past, present and to come—her sons, the world over—may the prophecy of Diarmadh be fulfilled, that on the surface of the earth no country shall equal Eire! [Vehement and continued cheering.]

The seventh toast was responded to in turn by the representatives of the sister societies, and Mr. Lyons replied for the Press. The last regular toast, "Woman," was confided to J. Brougham, Esq, the popular Comedian and Dramatic Author, who responded to it in one of his characteristically humorous speeches and finished his speech with a song.

Appropriate telegraphic greetings were exchanged during the evening with the societies celebrating the day in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, Charleston, St. Louis, Mobile, Cincinnati, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, &c. Appropriate music, following each toast, was executed by Dodworth's band, and vocal music was given at intervals by an admirable glee-club. It was one of the most enthusiastic and successful gatherings of the Friendly Sons.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS' SOIREE.

The Young Friends of Ireland celebrated the anniversary, as announced, by a ball and supper, which took place in Niblo's Saloon. The ball-room was well-filled, and the utmost hilarity, tempered by a genial politeness, prevailed among the celebrants. Judging from the numbers present the Society will be able to make a handsome donation to the pious ladies of the House of the Good Shepherd, to whose benefit the proceeds of the evening were devoted as our readers are already aware.

BROOKLYN.

DINNER OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The gentlemen composing this Society celebrated the festival and their tenth anniversary by a banquet at Montague Hall. The attendance was larger than on any previous occasion. Among those present were Honorable Judge Lott, President of the St. Nicholas Society; Honorable John G. Bergen, Charles Tinney, Esq., his Honor the Mayor, William H. Peck, Esq., Postmaster; Rev. Mr. Walsh, Chaplain of the Society, &c. A band of music was in attendance, and Mr. Ferguson, the well known performer on the Irish Harmonic Union Pipes, played several national airs during the evening. When the material portion of the feast was concluded, the President, John. P. Gregson, Esq., proposed the first regular toasts:

1. The Day we Celebrate and all who honor it.
2. The President of the United States.
3. Ireland—we shall hail with gladness the day when her Nationality is restored.
4. Our Sister Societies—we greet them with a "Cead mile failthe."
5. Washington—may his countrymen prove themselves worthy of his fame.
6. The Army and Navy of the United States.
7. The Memory of O'Connell.
8. The City of Brooklyn—Our present home, may she always have sufficient "Ridgwood" to qualify, but not to dampen her spirits.
9. The Memory of our deceased brothers.
10. Irish Patriots—past and present.
11. The Press, if true to its mission, must ever be the safeguard of liberty.
12. Woman, ennobled by Christianity, may she be enabled to perpetuate its blessings.

Each toast was doubly honored by a response, both in speech and song. The first toast was responded to by the Rev. Mr. Walsh, Chaplain to the Society, the second by Paul J. Wells, Esq.; Captains Ward and Hogan responded for the "Army and Navy; the Mayor for the "City of Brooklyn," and H. M'Closkey, Esq., of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, for the "Press."

The following interesting letters from the Rev. Father Daly, who has taken so great an interest in the Galway steamship line, and Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., were read during the evening:

My Dear Sir:—In acknowledging your esteemed letter of the 29th January, I find it difficult to express my deep sense of the kind and flattering sentiments it contains personally to myself; and no one can value more the high honor which the pure patriotism of my countrymen in America has conferred upon me by selecting me as their agent to send them "the national emblem" for the occasion of their celebration of the festival of the 17th March.

I accept the office with pride and pleasure. Our next steamer of the R. A. Steam Packet Service will sail on the 5th of March; it is the earliest opportunity by which I could despatch a small cask with the green sod of our country, and which I will direct as you desire. Is it possible to transplant the shamrock into American soil? Would it not grow most luxuriantly amidst the sons of Erin and in the country of their adoption where they preserve and cherish the name and love of their poor Old Country, as pure and warm as any they have left behind, and where I trust their brotherly union, their industrious habits, their sober demeanor and peaceful conduct will acquire for them the high distinction of being regarded by the American people as worthy of all the privileges of a free country, and reflect back upon their mother land some rays of the honor and happiness and freedom, which their own energy has secured them. I will heartily pray that the good ship may arrive in time to enable my esteemed countrymen to wear the shamrock on Patrick's Day, and to exhibit those social virtues of which it is the emblem—"peace, union and brotherly love." Will you, my dear sir, present to the St. Patrick's Society of the City of Brooklyn the expression of my sincerest respect, and assure them that although absent I shall unite in spirit with them on the 17th of March in their National Celebration; and that I shall not relax my efforts in endeavoring to bring the Old Country nearer to them, and which I hope to effect in a very short time.

With sincerest regards, believe me to be yours,
Peter Daly.

F. G. Turner, Cor. Sec. St. Patrick's Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Washington, March 8, 1859.

Dear Sir:—In acknowledging receipt of your note of the 1st inst., I have to thank the members of the St. Patrick's Society of Brooklyn for the invitation which they have communicated through you, and for the wish which they express that I should unite with them in celebrating the anniversary of our National Saint. Had the course of my proposed tour led me northwards I should willingly have availed myself of this invitation, but I am directing my movements toward the south, and having received a similar invitation from the Hibernian Society at Charleston, I hope to find myself surrounded by my fellow-countrymen in that city, upon an occasion on which my personal individuality will be lost, in comparison with the object of the meeting—that of cherishing memories dear to every Irishman.

I have the honor to be, yours faithfully,
Wm. S. O'Brien.

F. G. Turner, Cor. Sec. St. Patrick's Society, Brooklyn.

Several volunteer toasts were offered after the regular list had been disposed of, and were, according to the excellent plan adopted on this occasion, both eloquently and musically honored.

LECTURE AT THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

A lecture was delivered in the spacious school-room attached to the Church of the Assumption, corner of York and Jay streets, (under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Keegan,) by J. M. Harrington, Esq., L.L.B., of New York. The room was crowded by an intelligent audience, who chose to give a literary character to their celebration of the day. The subject of the lecture was "Patriotism," and was treated in an eloquent and glowing manner by the lecturer, who received the unstinted applause of his hearers.

ALBANY, N. Y.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day was exceedingly spirited. The streets were filled from morning until night. The atmosphere was as Spring-like and beautiful as could have been desired, and the sun shone forth in all its brilliancy.

The usual religious services were observed at an early hour in the morning, at the Cathedral and the Churches, and were very largely attended.

The Emmet and Montgomery Guards assembled at their respective Armories at an early hour, and at 9 o'clock the line was formed in the following order:

Schreiber's Albany Cornet Band.
Emmet Guards, Flank Co. L., 25th Regiment.
Montgomery Guards, Co. B., 25th Regiment.
Hibernian Provident Society, with Banners.
Young Men's Catholic Institute, [Cathedral] with Banner.
Saint John's Catholic Institute, with Banner.

Major James Swift acted as Grand Marshal, assisted by Lieut. James Dunn and Michael Clark as Aids.

After the formation of the line, the procession marched through Lydius street to the Cathedral, where Divine service was performed. That immense edifice was literally crammed with people. The exercises were of a solemn and impressive character, and the music superb.

After Mass the procession formed in front of the Bishop's House, when a delegate from each of the societies mentioned above presented him with a donation from their respective societies, for his new throne, which is a beautiful piece of workmanship. It amounted to $250, of which the Emmet Guard gave $100.

The military turned out in very large numbers, and looked better than we have ever seen them before. That veteran Association, the Hibernian Provident Society, preceded by its officers, made a large turn out, as also did the Literary Societies. The procession attracted much attention from our citizens as it passed along. So far as we could learn everything passed off in the most pleasant manner.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

The festivities of the day were closed by the annual reunion of the members of the Hibernian Provident Society, at a banquet prepared by James Welden, under the supervision of his excellent and most efficient steward, Michael Daniels. About one hundred and twenty persons sat down to the feast. Patrick McQuade, President of the Society, presided, assisted by John Higgins and John Gannon, Vice-Presidents.

After the cloth had been removed, the President called upon the company to fill for the standing toasts, and, at his request, John Costigan, Esq., from the Committee charged with that duty, presented and read the following toasts:

The Day.
The United States of America.
Ireland.
The President of the United States.
The Governor of the State of New York
The Immortal Memory of the Men of '98.
The Patriots of '48.
Civil and Religious Liberty.
The Memory of Daniel O'Connell.
The Constitution of the United States.
The City of Albany.
The Press.
The Daughters of Erin

At the conclusion of the reading of the "Regular Toasts," "volunteers" were announced. A host of good things was said, many songs were sung, and the hours sped merrily by, until the time for separating was announced.

UTICA, N. Y.

St. Patrick's Day was more generally observed here this year than on any former anniversay of Ireland's Patron. The three military companies, and the "wearing of the green" by the sons of the Emerald Isle, gave to our streets an appearance of holiday gayety, unusual, except upon occasions of national rejoicing.

In the evening, about 150 persons sat down to a bountiful supper, at the Central Hotel, prepared in J. L. Davis' best style, after which

the President, F. Kernan, Esq., gave as the first regular toast: "The Day we Celebrate."

Ald. McQuade was called to respond. He regretted that some person more competent had not been selected, as he could only "speak very poor English and worse Irish." He entered into the personal history of St. Patrick, briefly enumerated his virtues, and the benefits he had conferred on the world, and concluded by claiming for his fatherland, on many points, super excellence.

2d. Pius IX. and the Catholic Hierarchy.

In response to this toast, Rev. Thomas Daly said Pius IX., from his entrance on the pontificate, had received from men of all creeds the strongest testimonials of respect and reverence. It was, he said, a source of pride to the Catholic, that the constitution of his Church was eminently democratic. The occupant of its highest office was elected, and to that office any man might aspire, provided he had talent and capability, his birth would not be sought after. The representative of St. Peter had always been the protector and friend of the oppressed. He concluded by observing that the man who followed the teachings of his church, and the guidance of his pastor, was ever just and good.

3d. The President of the United States.

Mr. F. Kernan briefly responded.

4th. The Federal Union.

Mr. J. U. Burke was called out, and was eloquently earnest in his description of the Union.

Ald. Cantwell, in answer to a call from the Chair, arose, amid much applause, and said that he had attended suppers in honor of St. Patrick's Day for nearly a quarter of a century, and he was sorry to say that to-night, for the first time within his recollection, the heroic, although unfortunate, patriots of '98 were not mentioned in the regular toasts. He did not intend to reflect upon the action of the gentlemen who prepared these toasts; but he had been nursed upon the bosom of an oppressed Irish mother, and cared-for by a rebel Irish father, and he desired, therefore, as the rebel son of a rebel father to offer a sentiment in honor of the patriots of 1798 and 1848. He paid a tribute to the memory of Wolfe Tone, Emmet and others, and concluded by offering a sentiment to the memory of J. C. and Nicholas Devereux. Ald. Devlin, H. L. Tobey, Rev. Eugene Carroll, S. C. Wilson, Wm. Kernan, Jr., L. H. Babcock, H. Walker, S. A. Jones, T. Lalor, and Alderman Cantwell, responded to the several toasts. Numerous volunteer sentiments were offered and eloquently responded to. Several songs were sung, after which the meeting adjourned to March 17th, 1860.—*Abridged from the Utica Telegraph.*

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening the regular annual dinner of the Hibernian Society of Baltimore came off at the New Assembly Rooms, corner of Hanover and Lombard streets. The guests began to assemble as early as five and a half o'clock in the reception rooms, where, divesting themselves of hats and overcoats, an hour was passed in pleasant conversation and friendly greeting. About half-past six o'clock the order was given by the worthy President to pair off and proceed to the supper room. The entire company, numbering some eighty-five or ninety, led by Hugh Jenkins, Esq., President, Daniel J. Foley, Esq., First Vice President, and C. M. Dougherty, Esq., Second Vice President, marched in procession up stairs to the dining room, preceded by Leithardt's Band, which, in the meantime, played "St. Patrick's Day."

The dining room and tables were handsomely decorated. At the head of the room over the President's chair hung a portrait of John Oliver, draped with the flags of the United States, Ireland and England. The other end of the room was decorated with the portrait of Andrew Jackson, taken from life, by Col. J. R. Johnston. Over this portrait was suspended the banner of the Society, bearing a representation of the Patron Saint of Erin, clothed in the robes of a Bishop. Extending the whole length of the room were two broad tables, joined by a cross table at the upper end, at which sat the President. The tables were decorated most tastefully with flowers, fruits and confections. A large and handsome harp of Erin occupied the head of the table in front of the President, while among the various dishes, &c., were interspersed on both sides beautiful pyramids of confections, together with numerous ornamental dishes on pedestals, &c.

Upon entering the room the company filed off, and having secured their allotted places, grace was said by the Rev. James Dolan, Chaplain of the Association, and all proceeded to test in a most hearty manner the various good things so abundantly served up.

Hugh Jenkins, Esq., President of the Association, presided. On his right was seated the Rev. Mr. Dolan, and the left the President of the German Society of Baltimore, Albert Schumacher, Esq. Among the invited guests, seated near the President, were Major French, U. S. Army, Captain Hunter, of the Navy, and Col. Geo. P. Kane, of Baltimore; Roger A. Pryor, of the Washington *States*, was also present, seated near the 2d Vice President, Mr. Dougherty. During the evening the band discoursed appropriate airs. Speeches were made by several gentlemen, and letters were read from Wm. Smith O'Brien, John F. Ennis, J. M. Campbell, General Shields, and Judge Lee,

THE UNION SOCIAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday night the members of the Association met at Robert Rainey's, Montgomery House, corner of Bath and North streets, where they partook of their third annual supper. The room was tastefully decorated with American flags, boxwood and cedar, and the tables were heavy with good things for the inner man, the host having secured every luxury of the season, and prepared an entertainment which reflected credit on him and afforded a rich repast to the company. At ten o'clock the numerous company repaired to the supper room, and were seated at the tables, over which Dr. E. J. Chaisty, President of the Association, presided. After full justice had been done to the good things placed upon the board, the cloth was removed and the President announced the regular toasts, which were responded to by several gentlemen.

After the regular toasts were read a number of volunteer toasts were offered, among which was one from Francis Gallagher, Esq., complimentary to Dr. E. J. Chaisty, the President of the Society, and in response to which the Doctor made some eloquent and appropriate remarks. Songs were sung by Geo. McGowan, Prof. Aiken, Robt. Rainey and others, and the night was spent in a most agreeable manner. Long after midnight the company rose from the table highly gratified with the proceedings. —*Daily Exchange.*

PHILADELPHIA.

St. Patrick gave us beautiful weather yesterday, contrary to all precedent, and much to the delight of his many friends. The Hibernian element of our people celebrated the day with great fervor in many ways. High Mass was said in several of the churches, lectures were delivered by eminent people of the Catholic persuasion, and the military paraded. We looked at the soldiers as they passed up Chestnut street about three o'clock, and a very fine-looking body of men they appeared to be. Their drill was excellent, and their bearing martial to a degree. They consisted of the Second Brigade, were under the command of Colonel Conroy, and turned out the following companies: Emmet Guards, Shields Guards, Irish Volunteers, Meagher Guards, Jackson Guards, Hibernia Greens, Montgomery Guards, and Shields Rifles. In the afternoon the Hibernia Society had a meeting and a dinner. The dinner was excellent and the speeches of a patriotic cast. Towards evening dark and threatening clouds obstructed the light of sun —but it did not rain, and the demonstration ended in vapor.—*Press.*

BOSTON.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

This ancient Society met yesterday afternoon at the Parker House. The following gentlemen were chosen officers of the Society for the ensuing year: Patrick M. Philips, President; Hugh O'Brien, Vice President; Thomas Coyle, Treasurer; Cornelius Doherty, Keeper of the Silver Seal, and William S. Pelletier, Secretary. After the termination of business meeting, the Society and their guests sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared in Messrs. Parker and Mill's best style. Between seventy and eighty gentlemen were present. The President of the Society, Patrick M. Phillips, occupied the chair. Several toasts were drunk and some very excellent speeches made. Volunteer sentiments followed, songs were sung, and at about 11 o'clock the Society adjourned to meet in 1860.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON SHAMROCK SOCIETY.

The Boston Shamrock Society celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their formation, and also St. Patrick's Day, by an annual dinner at Jameson & Richardson's, Spring Lane.

The company assembled at nine o'clock, and after listening to some excellent music by the band, at ten o'clock the company filed into the spacious saloon, where a grand banquet had been prepared in that style for which these caterers are so celebrated. At eleven o'clock the company, numbering over one hundred, were called to order by the President, J. H. Berry, who welcomed them to the festive board.

The toast-master, Mr. N. J. Bean, was introduced, who read the several toasts, which were ably responded to.—*Abridged from the Ledger.*

SALEM, MASS.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day, in Salem, on Thursday, was concluded by an address at Lyceum Hall, by Dr. Fitzgerald, and a supper at the Reading Room in Franklin Building. The address abounded in brilliant passages, containing rich historical references to the interesting career of Ireland as a nation, and filled with recollections which were evidently dear to the large and enthusiastic assembly of listeners. It was eloquently delivered, and indicated high intellectual capacity. The music at the Hall was well executed, and was composed of some of those beautiful airs for which Ireland is famous.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE IRISH AMERICAN SOCIETY.

The anniversary of the birth of Ireland's Patron Saint, which occurred yesterday, was duly observed by our Irish fellow-citizens. There was no special public demonstration through the day, the observance being mostly confined to the evening, at which time appropriate services were held in the several Catholic Churches. Panegyrics on the life and charactor of the Saint were delivered at the Cathedral by the Rev. Peter Kelly, and at St. Patrick's by the Rev. Mr. Branagan, of Boston.

The Irish American Society held a festival at their Hall, on Eddy street, which was attended by upwards of one hundred members, with invited guests and ladies. The Hall was very handsomely decorated with the American and Irish flags, banners, &c. Mr. Thomas Darcy, the President of the Society, presided, and made a very appropriate speech at the commencement of the exercises, which consisted of singing, of a very good character, instrumental music, and recitations. After these were concluded, refreshments were served up, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to sentiments, songs, &c. All present appeared to enjoy themselves vastly, fully recognizing the fact that if St. Patrick's Day *does* come in the morning, it continues until evening, and even later when occasion requires.—*Daily Post.*

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

(From a Correspondent.)

It augurs much for Catholicity to find that in New England the festival of St. Patrick is honored with all solemnity. In this town there was High Mass at 8 o'clock, after which Patrick's Day was sung by an efficient choir. In the evening the Church was crowded to listen to an address from the Rev. Dr. Neligan, of St. Joseph's Seminary, on the Life and Preaching of St. Patrick. The Rev. preacher showed in an eloquent and masterly discourse how St. Patrick labored in the conversion of Ireland, and that the effect of his labors were to be witnessed wherever the Irishman had settled; for there he unfurled the banner of the Cross. For more than an hour he engaged the attention of the congregation, who seemed much pleased with the manner in which they had spent the natal day of their Patron Saint, and next year they have resolved to have a procession.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Hibernian Benevolent Society, with the Montgomery, Shields, and Emmet Guards, turned out in procession yesterday, and marched through the principal streets to the sound of cheering music. The procession made a fine appearance and attracted much observation. In the evening several balls and other festive exercises appropriate to the occasion took place, which were numerously attended.—*Daily Times.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Yesterday was celebrated as the Anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland, by civic and military processions and banquets. It was very generally commemorated by our Irish fellow-citizens, male and female, and with unusual spirit and unanimity. During the day, several Irish military companies paraded, and made a handsome display, and a very imposing procession was organized by the St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Benevolent Association. It numbered some five hundred men, who displayed rich banners and regalia, and with swelling music described the route from St. Peter's to St. Patrick's Church, in both of which there were appropriate religious exercises. This Society was organized a year ago, and is now in a prosperous condition, over five hundred members being enrolled on its record. The afternoon was devoted chiefly to social enjoyment, and preparations for festivities at night.

BANQUET OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETY.

This Society, organized in 1852, celebrated its eighth anniversary, and commemorated St. Patrick's Day by appropriate festive and intellectual exercises, at night, in Columbian Hall. A handsome and well provided table invited the attention of several hundred members of the Society and their guests, and the night was agreeably passed in entertaining sentiments and responses. The officers of the Society—who presided at the banquet—are as follows: President, Col. Peter J. Sullivan; Vice President, D. J. Toohy, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. John H. Mahon; Corresponding Secretary, James Haggerty; Treasurer, Jos. Costello. The regular toasts having been duly honored, many spicy volunteer sentiments and humorous speeches were scattered through the evening, and the occasion was properly enjoyed.—*Daily Commercial.*

THE DINNER OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK, to bless the memory of old Ireland's Patron Saint, given on Thursday last at the Metropolitan Hotel, was, in every sense of the phrase, "A feast of reason and a flow of soul." The speeches of Messrs. O'Gorman, Godwin, Brady, Shields, and Daly, were masterpieces of true eloquence, and sparkling with wit; but that of Mr. T. F. Meagher pleased us best; for it presented such a beautiful combination of heart-moving pathos, dignified humor, poetical imagery, and fanciful sentiment, that it reminded one of a grand epic poem of the age of chivalry. Many of the eloquent speaker's remarks were quaintly funny, and excited great laughter; and his details of the costumes which should be worn by the "Sons," on such an occasion, were worthy of a poet. After informing the president and chaplain what they should wear to bring back the past more vividly, he said: "The Friendly Sons, themselves, should have each of them a shirt of thirty ells of linen, dyed with saffron; a leather girdle wherewith to fasten it round the loins; a red cloak, with a hood and border of shagged hair, drawn together at the breast with a silver *fibula; short boots, made of raw skin,*" &c. &c. We cannot subscribe to that last item; on the contrary, the "Friendly Sons" would look far better with their feet encased in such elegant and fashionable boots or shoes as are sold by that worthy "Son," Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, at his establishment, No. 230 Bowery. We know that the *ladies* will agree with us, for to Mr. McC. *they* always go, to purchase shoes, gaiters, and slippers, for themselves!

THE STAGE AND THE REVIVAL.

THE Revival showed us some strange things and brought many strange bed-fellows together. Pugilists gave exhibitions in which they handled the wicked without gloves. Bad actors and slighted supernumeraries, who had strutted and fretted many useless years upon the stage, kicked off the sock and buskin and jumped into the Revival pulpit as their last forlorn hope of making a hit. Preachers, good, bad and indifferent, who had been lights shining idly in their churches, tried what effect they would produce behind the footlights. The stage and the pulpit seemed about to change hands, and would most likely have done so, had the Revival lasted long enough. As to the beneficial effects of such a change we are not prepared to express an opinion. It might have been a change for the better; but it did not get a fair trial. The parsons had not sufficient time to become used to the boards—*pour connaitre les plasiches*, as the French say—nor had the players a sufficient opportunity of familiarizing themselves with the pulpit. No wonder then that the novelty of the thing once passed, they should respectfully return to their former ways.

Among one of the many "converted actors" of that crazy epoch was an individual bearing the rather common-place cognomen of Weeks. Cotemporary dramatic history does not state whether he devoted himself to the Tragic, or to the Comic Muse. His efforts in either line seem to have been very lightly valued by an ungrateful public, and undiscerning managers, for among the list of eminent tragedians and celebrated comedians, already far too long, the name of Weeks figureth not. It seems to have been only when he came before the public as Reverend Mr. Weeks that he succeeded in emerging from the dramatic obscurity which surrounded him. In the pulpit Weeks, as he himself would say professionally, "made a hit," and seems to have gone on making hits for some time. But the wave of Revival excitement receded and left Weeks on the inhospitable sands of pecuniary difficulty. Both Othello's occupations were gone, so there was nothing to do but to go after the one that could be brought back. So Weeks took off his white neckerchief and returned to his pristine pursuit of playing the ruffian in Cork, with painted and slouched hat, for fifty cents, or more or less a night. Now the retransformation sorely scandalized some fragmentary cliques of the Revivalist host, and they turned up their eyes and raised their hands and groaned. Whereupon Weeks published a card—(as who does not in this land of publicity?)—in which he frankly declared that preaching did not pay, and much as he detested the temple of Thespis, the sight of an aged father and ever so many hungry little brothers and sisters, who were all dependent on him, drove him back again to walk the boards for their benefit. This card was, indeed, a "card," and a subscription would, no doubt, have been made to build a church for Weeks, while he might labor for the support of his large family, and the salvation of mankind in general, had not his aged father publicly made the unpleasant statement that the Reverend actor had never given a cent towards the support of the family, that they were not dependent on him, and expected nothing from him, either then or hereafter. This was Weeks' last hit, and certainly nobody was more struck by it than himself.

Weeks is but one of a large number of unscrupulous individuals who speculated on the feverish and unhealthy excitement which many well-meaning minds were worked up. He is not the first that has been found out—nor will he be the last. We hope the more thoughtful portion of the Protestant community will not forget, when another attempt is made to revivalize them, the sort of men whose dupes they are made during the prevalence of such factitious and skin-deep religious excitement.

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OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Disraeli's "Important Business" versus Representative Reform.—The Church Rate question.—Three bills.—What they are.—The Ministerial measure.—Mr. Alcock's bill.—Sir J. Trelawney's abolition bill.—Lord John Russell looks to the Protestant interest.—The Church of England clergy past and present.—The Catholic oath.—Lord John has an eye to Catholic support.—Tells some truth for a wonder.—Newdegate.—Mr. Maguire's view of the oath.—What the Ministry think of it.—A bill to be introduced to abolish it.—Mr Gladstone and the Ionians.—Law Reform.—The War question.—A pacific turn.

LONDON, February 25, 1859.

Every one is looking for the very important business which, according to Mr. Disraeli, necessitated the delay in bringing forward the Government bill for Representative Reform, but the parliamentary record of the week shows not a single measure of paramount importance. However, Monday next, we will at last know the drift of the Ministerial measure unless a pretext can be found for throwing it still further back in the session, a manœuvre which Disraeli will certainly execute if he possibly can. The fight of the session will certainly take place on this question, and the Ministry being conscious of the many defects in its armor and the many treasury-bench-seeking knights who are ready to insinuate the ends of their lances through the exposed places, will endeavor to stave off the day of wrath as long as possible.

The Church Rate question has occupied the Lower House more than any other this week. It is the subject of no less than three bills. That of the Government is an extraordinary measure. Mr. Walpole of the House Department, who has it under his charge, calls the system it proposes a "voluntary" one. It is voluntary in the present but certainly not so in the future, for it enables any property-holder who may be content to pay the tax to make it a perpetual charge on his property, thereby making it anything but voluntary for his descendants. Suppose that a sound Protestant condemns his heirs and assigns for ever to pay this tax, and that one of these, having received the grace of God, makes the future descendants Catholics, are they obliged to respect the perpetuating degree of their ancestor? As soon as these perpetuated taxes and the voluntary amounts subscribed in any parish shall equal the average yearly Church revenues of any year within the last fifteen years, the Queen is to be empowered to issue an order in Council abolishing Church Rates for ever in that parish. The second measure is called the Church Rates Commutation bill. It has been introduced by Mr. Alcock and has already been read a first time. It also gives men the power to charge their estates for the purpose of providing a permanent fund for the repairs of the Church. It summons to its assistance the Charity Commissioners, who have under their jurisdiction above 20,000 charities from 10s. a year to £35,000 a year. The third bill is one with which you are already acquainted—that of Sir J. Trelawney, the only measure which should be permitted to pass. It abolishes the obnoxious rates altogether.

On the motion for the introduction of the Government bill, Lord John Russell expressed some objections to it. They were altogether Protestant in spirit, and, no doubt, were thrown out with a view to the probably speedy vacation of the Premier's post. Lord J. contended that the presence of a Clergyman of the Established Church, in any city, town, or hamlet, was as great a benefit to Dissenters as to true Anglicans—which I will not attempt to deny. He would not exonerate Dissenters from the tax on the declaration that they had a conscientious objection to pay it, which would be destroying the national character of the Church and giving a premium for Dissent. He paid a compliment to the Church of England Clergymen of to-day at the expense of those of the receding generation, and was glowing in depicting the actual position of the Church, though he could not help expressing his regret that the Clergy was cut into so many different schools. He thought, however, that under the circumstances it was the best measure which could be framed, and leave was subsequently given to bring in the bill. Was there ever such a piece of consummate Whiggery as this speech of Lord John's?

His Lordship is looking for support in the most opposite quarters. Fresh from presenting this little *douceur* to Protestantism we find him bidding for the support of the Irish and Catholic Members. On yesterday in the Commons, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald moved that the House resolve itself into a committee to consider the oaths taken by Catholic Members, instead of the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration taken by the Protestant Members, with the view of abolishing all distinctions between members of different religions. Mr. Adams, in opposing the motion, said that the oath was the condition on which Catholics were admitted to Parliament in 1829, and that the compact ought not to be disturbed now. Whiteside brought forward the same objection. The oath, he said, was accepted and applauded by the Irish Bishops in 1829, and why should the Catholics object to it now? Mr. Fortescue (an Irish Protestant Member) thought the oath must be most objectionable to Catholic Members. Then came Lord John. He asked if it were not an insult to Catholic gentlemen to make them take such an oath? They were also required to swear that they would not take any steps to subvert the Established Church, and yet the Protestant Dissenter might make any motion he pleased to subvert the Church. Where then was the equality of Members? If ever the Church was subverted, it would not be by the Roman Catholic members, but by the supporters of the voluntary principle. It was idle to say that a compact was made in 1829, but whether it was so or not, there was no reason why the Parliament of 1859 should not alter it, and he should, therefore, cordially support the motion. Newdegate (second no-popery fiddle), said his Lordship, had already broken down the Christian character of the House by admitting the Jews, and now he wished to subvert the Established Church. Mr. Maguire said they might as well call upon Catholics to swear that they did not believe that picking pockets was legal as to ask them to declare that it was not legal for excommunicated princes to be murdered by their subjects. The Under Secretary for the Home Department opposed the resolution on the part of the Ministry. He considered the question settled last year, and declared that if the oath were altered one of the greatest safeguards of the Protestant Establishment would be destroyed. On a division, however, the resolution was carried by a majority of nine. A subsequent division on a resolution that a bill be introduced to abolish the oath resulted in a majority of fifteen in favor of the resolution. The Catholic members will not, I hope, be caught by Lord John's outbreak of liberality. They should not forget the slight he cast upon them last year.

Mr. Gladstone's mission to the Ionian islands has been a wild-goose chase. The Ionians will listen to nothing but union with Greece. They refuse to accept the reforms of the mock constitution which Mr. Gladstone was empowered to offer them. That gentleman is on his way home, and his statement in the House is looked for with eagerness. Sir B. Storks has been appointed Lord High Commissioner. Earl Grey made a motion on Thursday for documents relating to the question, but Lord Derby declared that it would be very inconvenient to produce them at present. So we must wait till Mr. Gladstone comes home to give us further light.

There is a strong desire in high legal quarters to effect some remarkable changes in the administration of the law. I have already written you with regard to Lord Campbell's idea regarding the unanimity of jurors in civil cases. Leave was obtained in the Lower House on Thursday to bring in a bill to amend an act of 17th and 18th Victoria, for allowing verdicts on trial by jury to be received although the jury may not be unanimous. In the Lords, on Wednesday, Lord Brougham introduced a bill, which was read a first time, enabling accused persons in criminal cases to be examined on oath if they desire it. Lord Campbell opposed the bill and charged Lord Brougham with a desire to introduce the French system of examination of prisoners.

The war question still occupies a prominent place in the pre-occupations of the public mind. The political barometer seems to turn towards peace. Lord Crowley has been sent to Vienna as an intermediator between Austria and France, and his mission is looked to with hope by those who denied peace. It is announced on good authority that the Pontifical Government has officially notified the Governments of France and Austria that there is no further necessity of the presence of their troops in the States of the Church. The feeling here is very strong against war, and I have it on the authority of reliable private correspondence that the French people are unanimous in their opposition to it. The army, of course, are in favor of war, but what was the army ever when it stood before the French people? The war cry here is confined to certain cliques of Italian refugees, and a few loud-mouthed individuals who seem to take a vast delight in reading accounts of wholesale butcheries of their fellow-creatures, when they are safely seated at their own, or somebody else's, fire-side, or in the back room of some twopenny ale house.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

More about the War question.—Necessity of talking and writing about it.—Lord Cowley's mission.—What is thought of it by the financiers, the revolutionists and the people.—Feeling against Prince Napoleon.—The report of extraordinary military activity in France unfounded.—Speculations which may go for what they are worth.—The Principalites.—Difficulties of the question.—Strange stories.—Imperial interviews with all sorts of people.—The Italian bouquet.—Pamphlets both French and Sardinian.—Conversion in Rome.—Belgium.—The City of Paris.—Sisters of Charity for Cochin-China.

PARIS, February 24th, 1859.

The war question is positively becoming a bore; yet, it still holds the first place in the columns of the newspapers, and any communication on European affairs which does not make it the head and front of its subject-matter, would be considered eccentric if not worse. I am, therefore, obliged to do like others and pay most particular attention to the great European complication. A slight change has taken place in general feeling superinduced by the news of the English diplomatist, Lord Cowley, having undertaken a mission to Vienna with a view to a pacific arrangement of the Italian difficulties and the complication on which General Diplomacy has been involved by the simultaneous election of Col. Couza to the Hospodarship of both the Danubian principalities. Among the financiers there exists considerable confidence in the fortunate results of Lord Cowley's mission; the "war party" consider that he will only bring matters to a head, and the mass of the people don't seem to trouble themselves about him or his mission, as Cowley or no Cowley, there seems to be a dogged determination on their part *not to have* war. France, they say, is not going to throw away her blood and treasure to make ephemeral family kingdoms for booby Bonapartes. The popular feeling against Prince Napoleon seems to have become intensified since the Sardinian alliance, and his poor little bride comes in for some of the odium attached to her husband. Jokes and funs with regard to the husband and wife are bandied from lip to lip.

You must not believe the accounts of the immense warlike preparations which are being made by France. Let me impress on you the fact that the army is *not* on a war footing. Such works as are in course of performance were commenced before there was any expectation of the present difficulties, and were necessitated by the regular wants of the service. I repeat it, the military activity ascribed to France at present has nothing uncommon in it as regards extent, and nothing by any means special in its character.

There is no doubt that the key of the situation is held by Napoleon III. He can either perpetuate peace or plunge Europe into a war which would last for many years, and from the consequences of which the great Powers would be long in recovering. I positively believe that if the Emperor raises his sword aggressionally his doom is sealed, and the prospects of the Bonaparte family for ever annihilated. It is hard to think that the Emperor will allow himself to be cajoled into backing Sardinia by Victor Emmanuel. His silence, however, when a word from him would put an end to all uneasiness, is certainly culpable, though it may not mean war. Napoleon has a Jew Banker for his Minister of State, the Count de Morny is an inveterate speculator, and they may wish to profit as much as possible by the uncertainty in which the Imperial taciturnity leaves the situation.

The double election of Prince Alexander Couza in Wallachia and Moldavia is looked upon here as strictly in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Paris, and it is thought that Austria will consent to recognize it. I don't see what else she can very well do, for as I have before stated, if the election should be annulled, and another held, the Moldo-Wallachians would again unanimously re-elect Couza. There would be no alternative, then, but an armed intervention in the Principalities to enforce the reviews of the conference, but according to the treaty of Paris no power can interfere in the Principalities without the consent of all others. This ties up the question inextricably. France would not consent to have Austria interfere, and *vice versa*; England would not assent to Prussian intervention, nor Prussia to English, &c. Some strange and improbable stories are told here with regard to both the Moldo-Wallachian and the Italian question. It is said that Col. Couza was in Paris, in the beginning of last year, and had a private interview with the Emperor, which, if it were by any possibility worthy of credit, would go to show that the present policy of Louis Napoleon is not a new one. It is also said that about the same time the Count-de-Cavour, the Sardinian Minister, had an interview, also private, with the Emperor. The tale-bearers, not satisfied with these nice little incidents of a grand political intrigue, have also invented a secret confab between Napoleon III. and the arch-revolutionist, Mazzini! Couza and Cavour were not bad, but Mazzini was going too far, and so the tale-tellers sported their story.

A number of Italian exiles have presented a bouquet of the Italian national colors to Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde. In reply to the address of the deputation, the Prince, according to his usual custom, made a few insignificant remarks, to which the war organs endeavor to give an important signification. The idea of making the Prince Grand Admiral of France, has, it would seem, been abandoned in consequence of the vast amount of business under which the Prince, as Minister of Algeria and the Colonies, is supposed to be groaning. It is a great pity not to give him a post for which he is so well qualified, and the French navy will not soon get over the loss.

We are under a perfect shower of pamphlets. The last specimen entitled: *The Faith of Treaties*, has been attributed to M. de La Guerroniere, but no more comes from his pen than the alleged Imperial pamphlet: *Napoleon III. and Italy*. In Sardinia also the pamphlet fever has burst forth and has resulted in a *Commentary* on the before-mentioned French pamphlet. It appears the views of the Parisian writer, in most respects, but places the greatest difficulty of the moment in the Roman question. This, of course, is not astonishing, seeing that the *Commentary* emanates from the office of a ministerial journal. It disapproves altogether the plan advocated by the French writer of placing the Pope at the head of an Italian confederation, and insists that that post could only be filled by the sovereign of a government essentially political and military. Of course this sovereign is easily to be found, being no other than Victor Emmanuel himself.

The English Protestants in Rome have been thrown into general convulsions by the conversion to the Holy Catholic Church of a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a gentleman holding a high position in the British navy. The young lady has been baptized, but nevertheless her father has insisted upon her returning to the ways of error, and has even kept her confined under lock and key for several days while he was making preparations to leave the city and bring her forcibly with him. This is freedom of conscience with a vengeance.

The Belgian Ministry have succeeded in passing the clause of the Revised Penal Code which condemns ecclesiastics to fine and imprisonment for criticizing any act or measure of the Government. It is a very useless clause, and as far as the Catholic hierarchy and clergy are concerned, will be a dead letter, for neither fine nor imprisonment will deter them from denouncing such acts or measures of the Government as are contrary to the dictates of religion and morality.

By the extension of the limits of the city of Paris the population will be increased from 1,174,316 inhabitants to 1,525,635. This addition makes it three times larger than St. Petersburg and nearly four times larger than Vienna, Berlin, or Naples.

It is stated that Admiral Rigault de Genueriely has requested that seven Sisters of Charity should be immediately sent out to the army in Cochin-China. They will embark for Tourainne in a few days. We have nothing very interesting from the expedition, except that a force was first to attack the capital of Cambodia and then march on Hue, the chief city of Annam.

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SINGULAR CATTLE DISEASE IN OHIO.—We are told that a disease called by some "hoof ail," and by others "black leg," is making serious havoc with horned cattle all over the country. It commences in the hind foot, and extends upward, paralyzing the hind parts so that the creature comes to the ground on his hind quarters; the appetite is destroyed and the eyes grow dim. This malady is attributable to ergot in the grass, grain, &c. As wet weather is favorable to its development, many suppose its appearance lately is attributable to that cause.—*Ohio Statesman.*

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Of the whereabouts of Mrs. LETITIA HARRIS, and Mrs. ELIZA JOHNSON (or their children), daughters of the late James Selden Young, of New Orleans. Parties knowing their address will greatly oblige by sending said infomation to Mrs. H. W. B., care of Mr. Sadlier, TABLET Office, 164 William street, New York City.

☞ New Orleans papers please copy. mar26 tf

Of FRANCIS SWEENEY, a native of Ireland, who came to this country in 1852; when last heard from was in Chilicothe, Ohio. His brother, Wm. Sweeney, who is now in delicate health, would be thankful for any information respecting him. Address William Sweeney, grocer, Marshall, Michigan. mar26 tf

Of MICHAEL MINOGUE, *alias* MANIX, who left Montreal in October, 1854; when last heard from, in August, 1858, was in St. Louis, Mo., and was then unwell. Information of him will be thankfully received by his mother, Mrs. Minogue, care of Robert Kane, St. Constant street, Montreal, Canada. mar19

Of JOHN KEANE, a native of the parish of Drumcliffe, county Sligo, Ireland, who left his uncle's house near Montreal, C. E., two years ago. His uncle is anxious to hear from him. Address Mr. Keane, care of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, C. E. mar12 3t

Of THOMAS SMITH, a native of the parish of Arda, townland of Glenville, county of Limerick, Ireland; when last heard from was in New York. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his nephew, James Smith, care of William Gary, Troy, N. Y. mar12 3t

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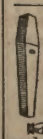

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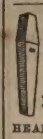

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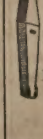

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